THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,
Picked up by a Stroller.
NO. III.

A BALLAD.

"Little kend'd Gizzy Sinclair,
That morning when she rose,
That this was to be the undermost
Of a' her maiden dows;
But now there's one within the realm,
I think, a blyther twa;
An' they baith lie in ae bed,
An' she lies next the wa'." *Old Ballad.*

Sam Tally was a charcoal man,
And Sue a strawberry girl,
Who had long locks, that down her neck
Did beautifully curl.

And a pair of great blue eyes that looked
Like skimmed milk in a pan,
And face as lovely as a print
Upon a Chinese fan.

Her face was ruddy as the sky
Which morning sunlight streaks,
As if two baskets of her fruit
Were squeezed upon her cheeks.

From dewy morn till dusty eve,
She trudged the city through,
And "st-r-a-w-berries" was the only song
The bright-haired maiden knew.

Sam was a model of a man,
Six feet beneath his hat;
Great brawny limbs, and bullet head,
And feet full broad and flat.

His piercing eye (he had but one),
Was blacker than his trade;
And ever, as he went, it roved
In search of handsome maid.

Seated aloft upon his cart,
He told the world of coal!
And eke through sunshine and through storm,
In music flowed his soul.

Till all the town ran music-mad,
Sam took an active part,
Gong the ning his notes till Opera girls
Were envious of his art.

His stalwart beast moved on before,
With slow and solemn tread;
So gaunt and thin you'd thought the horse
On charcoal had been fed.

The master, sober as the steed,
Looked through the dust he raised,
And beholding such a beauteous maid
Cry strawberries, was amazed!

Now Sam had travelled much;—had read
Life's book through many pages,
And gazed with cold unloving eye,
On maidens of all ages:

But when this vision on his sight,
Like April sunbeam broke,
Sam's blazing heart was instant changed
From charcoal into coke.

He lifted up his husky voice,
"O cracky, boys!" says he,
"This is the prettiest—char-le-coal—
I ever yet did see!"

The damsel looked—and looking, loved
A man so tall and proper,
Although his face was charred, as is
An old tobacco stopper.

She cast an upward glance at him—
"Come buy my straw-ber-*ries!*"
Sam's heart was floating in his mouth,
Like so much melted cheese.

Music has charms.—He felt it now
Subdue his soul within him;
It smoothed the raven down of" coal—
Two crotchets and a minim

Sam spent a sixpence:—was it strange
That they should love each other?
She a melodious Nightingale,
And Samuel another.

Sam swore he'd marry strawberry
Upon the very spot;
So, ere a month, the Parson came
And tied the nuptial knot.

And a merrier time was never known,
At the wedding of an Earl,
Than when the sweet-voiced charcoal man
Married the strawberry girl.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.
NUMBER XXIII.

School for Scandal.—This play of Sheridan's, which is, perhaps, the best of our comedies, contains imitations of no less than three of the comedies of Moliere. The design and the character of Joseph Surface are evidently taken from the *Tartuffe*, the scandal scene from the *Misanthrope*, and the broker scene from the *Avare*.—*Lord J. Russell's 'Essays, &c.'*

Shakspeare, Butler and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty, or profound.—*Colton's "Lacon."*

Spanish Gravity.—The same Spaniards who, when their imagination is in the least warmed, display all the luxury of their language, are laconic when their mind is calm. I had occasion to speak to a Spaniard of the lowest class, and found him gravely caressing a little child. I enquired if he was the father?—A Frenchman of the same rank would have modestly answered, "Yes, Sir, or at least I believe so," and would have said much more on the subject than I should have wished to hear. The Castilian, without disturbing himself, or even receiving my question with a smile, answered me coldly: "He was born in my house!" after which he immediately turned the discourse to some other subject.—*Bourgoing's "Travels in Spain."*

Advantages derived from Printing.—Before the invention of printing and the manufacture of paper, books were so scarce, and bore a price so extravagant as to be beyond the means of any but the most wealthy and opulent. Few private individuals could command resources to become proprietors of a single work, and the most extensive libraries of well endowed institutions were limited to a few hundred volumes. Now, they have become so cheap that few are destitute of some of these treasures of knowledge, and our public associations possess thousands. Formerly, the art of reading was confined to a few monks; now this source of instruction is enjoyed by all classes and extended to almost every individual.

Some curious facts are preserved in history relative to the scarcity and value of books during the dark ages. A bishop in the 13th century having occasion to consult a large bible before he could obtain a loan from a monastery, was compelled to execute a bond, drawn up with due formality, for the safe return. The bequest of a book to a religious house was thought a present of so high value and an act of such merit, as to obliterate all sins and entitle the donor to happiness of salvation. A convent threatened annually to pronounce the sentence of damnation on any wretch who should dare to purloin or deface a translation of an old Greek author. In the fifteenth century, the Countess of Anjou is recorded to have given two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, as much rye and other grain, and a great quantity of furs, in exchange for a copy of some Homilies. Even Kings could not be safely trusted with articles of such extravagant price. Lewis IX. of France in 1471 borrowed the work of an Arabian physician, and was obliged not only to deposit his jewels as pledges, but to find a nobleman to join as surety with him in a bond, conditioned for their restoration under an enormous forfeiture.

Origin of the Tri-colored Cockade.—Before the revolution of 1792, the city of Paris had colors of its own—*red* and *blue*—the *white* being the color of the king and his army. After the taking of the Bastile, the armed *bourgeoise* of the city having taken the name of the national guard, added the white to the two previous colors of Paris, for the purpose of indicating that the king was no longer a separate estate, and that his powers had passed into the hands of the people. Thus the tri-color became the national color.

Magnitude of the Ancient Roman Empire.—The immense magnitude of the Roman empire might well have justified the Roman pride. It covered a million and a half of square miles of the finest portion of the globe. Stretching three thousand miles, from the Atlantic to the Euphrates; and two thousand miles, from the northern borders of Dacia to the tropic of Cancer; it was the seat of all the choicest fertility, beauty and wealth, of the world. Imagination sinks under the idea of this prodigious power in the hands of a single nation, and that nation in the hands of a single man.—*Croly's "Life and Times of George IV."*

Empress Anne of Russia.—She had great courage, and was free from all affectation. She must have been indebted for many of her good qualities to nature, as she derived others from education. She had a visible repugnance to statelness and reserve, at the same time the grace of her manner was such as to prevent those about her from forgetting her dignity. She had a voice peculiarly pleasing, and her smile was beautiful. Her temper was humane; she had great sensibility; and was often observed to shed tears, when a melancholy story was related to her.—*Godwin's "Claudesley."*

Friendship.—Our first friends are all our seniors; we never meet again with such kind hearts and fond embraces as those amid which our childhood nestled. Our parents, protectors, and patrons, all who feel for us interestedly, are those who knew us in the innocency of our childhood: contemporaries and schoolfellows may be faithful friends, but their friendship lacks the tenderness of that of the friends of the older race. Our juniors regard us as beings of a different sphere. They cannot feel towards us any of the interests so essential to the enjoyment of life; it is when our parents and their contemporaries die, and can no more be traced on the scene, that we receive the first visitation of age. The race that looked upon us with indulgence is then no more, the world is poorer in the means of help and kindness. There are then none who will interfere merely from affection to avert misfortune.—*Lawrie Todd.*

Filial Affection of the Moors.—A Portuguese surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who, addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drogues* to kill his father, and as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself, (for he knew the habits of the people well), he replied with *sang froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father I suppose?"—"Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course, appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well and departed. About eight days after, he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead," exclaimed the apothecary in well feigned surprise, "he will die." He composed accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever.—"Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, (who found these visits by no means unprofitable), "give him another potion, and I will exert my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and enquired the success of his remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully, "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt now that he is a *Marabout*"—(a Saint).—*Monthly Mag.*

Cardinal Mazarin.—The pecuniary wealth, the valuables and pictures of Mazarin, were immense. He was fond of hoarding—a passion that seized him when he first found himself banished and destitute. His love of pictures was as strong as his love of power—stronger, since it survived. A fatal malady had seized on the cardinal, whilst engaged in the conference of the treaty, and worn by mental fatigue. He brought it home with him to the Louvre. He consulted Guenaud, the great physician, who told him that he had two months to live. Some days after receiving this dread mandate, Brienne perceived the cardinal in night-cap and dressing-gown tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him; "Look," exclaimed he, "look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much!" His friend surprised him slumbering in his chair at another time, and murmuring, "Guenaud has said it! Guenaud has said it!"—A few days before his death, he caused himself to be dressed, shaved, rouged and painted, so that he never looked so fresh and vermillion in his life. In this state he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers cruelly rallied, and paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his death-bed, his hand being held by others; and they were only interrupted by the visit of the papal nuncio, who came to give the cardinal that plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the sacred college are officially entitled. Mazarin expired on the 9th of March, 1661.

Dancing.—Lord Lanesborough, of whom Pope speaks in his Moral Epistles, was so fond of dancing, that neither old age nor the gout could deprive him of his pleasure. He danced during the most cruel attacks of that dreadful malady; although it was observed that it sometimes put him a little out of time. At the death of the Prince of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, he solicited a particular audience of this princess, for the purpose of representing to her the advantages which her majesty would derive from dancing; as it would dissipate her melancholy, and preserve her health.

MOURNING.

A French writer gives a neat summary of the different observances among mankind, relative to mourning and funeral ceremonies. All the world, says he, is acquainted with the magnificence of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks also burnt the corpses of distinguished men, with funeral feasts and the lamentations of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief and a better regulated piety. The Persians buried the bodies of the dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them, for preservation's sake, in a sort of locker; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festival days, placed them at their table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and lent and borrowed money upon these strange pledges. In our time, the custom of dancing at funerals is only practised in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Among others, the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence; their carriages follow them to the grave, and sometimes their horse is paraded, which, having been made to fast, seems to partake of the affliction of the occasion. The Orientals, from whom we borrow this custom, went further:—they made the horses in funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular powder up their nostrils.

In Italy, the mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men, in China it is white; in Turkey, Syria, and Armenia, it is blue; in Egypt yellow; in Ethiopia grey. Each of these colors had originally its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hopes, and man falling like the leaf of Autumn; grey presents the colour of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe, is an allusion to the eternal night.

In England, the king never wears black, he is clothed in dark purple as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII. white was the funeral garb in France. The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning. In this he imitated the Jews. The dowager empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black till their death. The Chancellor of France is the only person who never wears mourning. The brothers, nephews, and cousins of popes never wear it: the happiness of having a pope in the family is too great to allow them to be afflicted even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all these usages, is perhaps that of the people of those ancient nations, who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relations, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.—*Literary Gaz.*

MISCELLANY.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

From the Daily Advertiser.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn. a lady of distinguished literary taste and acquirements, while on a visit to Arlington House. Mrs. Sigourney first learned that to a *woman* was the Father of his country mainly indebted for that education and discipline in his youth, which led him on to the glories of his after life. Proud of her sex, she made a journey to Fredericksburg, sought for, and with difficulty found the neglected grave of the matron, and composed tthe following tribute to the memory of the—

MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Mother of him whose godlike fame
The good throughout the world revere,
Ah! why without a stone or name
Thus sleep'st thou unregarded here.

Fair pensile branches o'er thee wave,
And nature decks the chosen dell,
Yet surely on thy hallowed grave
A nation's mournful sigh should swell.

Rome with a burst of filial pride
The mother of her Gracchi view'd;
And why should we restrain the tide
Of reverential gratitude.

She to sublime Velumna paid
Her tribute of enraptured tears,
When the dread chief that voice obey'd
Which sternly curb'd his infant years.

Thou in the days of Sparta's might
Hadst high on her illustrious roll
Been ranked amid those matrons bright
Who nobly nursed the great of soul.

For disciplin'd in wisdom's school
The lofty pupil own'd thy sway;
And well might he be skilled to rule
So early nurtured to obey.

No enervating arts refined
To slumber lull'd his heaven born might;
No weak indulgence warp'd thy mind
To cloud a Hero's path of light.

Say when upon thy shielding breast
The Saviour of his Country hung,
When his soft lips to thine were press'd,
Waking the accents of thy tongue,

Or when his infant hands were taught
By thee mistaple prayer to rise,
Say were thy own devotions fraught
With brighten'd incense for the skies?

Well may that realm confiding rest
Heroes and mighty Chiefs to see,
Which finds its infant offspring blest
With monitors and guides like thee.

Some future age than ours more just
With his shall bind thy honour'd name,
And raise exulting o'er thy dust
The monument of deathless fame;

Shall thither bid young mothers weud
To bless thy spirit as they rove,
And learn while on thy tomb they bend
For Heaven to train the babes they love.

SPANISH SCENERY AND LANDSCAPES.

By Washington Irving.

Many are apt to picture Spain in their imaginations as a soft southern region decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long, naked, sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and invariably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs and soaring over the plains and groups of sky bustards stalk about the heaths, but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces of Spain, and in them chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

In the exterior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt; but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil; at length he perceives some village perched on a steep hill, or rugged crag, with smouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower; a strong hold, in old times, against civil war or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters.

But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people, and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes, the eye catches sight, here and there, of a straggling herd of cattle, attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert, or a single herdsman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus, the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket and his knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market town without his trabucho; and, perhaps, a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparations of a warlike enterprise.

The dangers of the road, produce, also, a mode of travelling, resembling, on a diminutive scale, the caravans of the East. The arrieros or carriers, congregate in troops, and set off in large and well armed trains on appointed days, while individual travellers swell their number, and contribute to their strength. In this primitive way is the commerce of the country carried on. The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate wanderer of the land, traversing the peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias, to the Alpuxarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily; his alforjas (or saddle-bags) of coarse cloth, hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine or water for a supply across barren mountains, and thirsty plains; a mule cloth spread upon the ground is his bed at night, and his pack saddle is his pillow. His low but clear-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sun-burnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation—"Dios guarda a usted!"—"Vay usted con Dios caballero!"—"God guard you!"—"God be with you cavalier!"

As these men have often their whole fortunes at stake upon the burden of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched down for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders, and the solitary bandalero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault.

The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant way-faring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflexions. These he chants forth with a loud voice, and long drawling cadence seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time with his paces to the tune. The couplets thus chanted are often old traditional romances about the Moors; or some legend of a saint; or some love ditty; or, what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandalero; for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene, or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties among the rude and lonely scenes they illustrate, accompanied as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.

It has a most picturesque effect, also, to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chanting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the cragged defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths; while, as they pass by, the ever ready trabucho, slung behind their packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.

The ancient kingdom of Granada into which we are about to penetrate, is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast sierras or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites, elevate their sun-burnt summits against a deep blue sky, yet in their rugged bosoms lie engulfed the most verdant and fertile valley, where the desert and the garden strive for mastery, and the very rock, as it were, compelled to yield the fig, the orange, and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose.

In the wild passes of these mountains, the sight of walled towns and villages built like eagles' nests among the cliffs, and surrounded by Moorish battlements, or of ruined watch-towers perched on lofty peaks, carry the mind back to the chivalrous days of Christian and Moslem warfare, and to the romantic struggle for the conquest of Granada. In traversing their lofty Sierras, the traveller is often obliged to alight and lead his horse up and down the steep and jagged ascents and descents, resembling the broken steps of a staircase. Sometimes the road wind along dizzy precipices, without parapet to guard him from the gulfs below, and then will plunge down steep and dark and dangerous declivities. Sometimes it struggles through rugged barrancos, or ravines, worn by water torrents; the obscure paths of the Contrabandista, while ever and anon, the ominous cross, the memento of robbery and murder, erected on a mound of stones at some lonely part of the road, admonishes the traveller that he is among the haunts of banditti; perhaps, at that very moment, under the eye of some lurking bandalero. Sometimes, in winding through the narrow valleys, he is startled by a hoarse bellowing, and beholds above him, on some green fold of the mountain side, a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls, destined for the combat of the arena. There is something awful in the contemplation of these terrific animals, clothed with tremendous strength, and ranging their native pastures, in untamed wildness, strangers almost to the face of man. They know no one but the solitary herdsman who attends upon them, and he at times dares not ventures to approach them. The low bellowings of these bulls, and their menacing aspect as they look down from their rocky height, give additional wildness to the savage scenery around.

We report very few political occurrences in the Constellation—but having no King or Lord Bishops in this country, our readers may be disposed to learn how such dignities are affected on emergencies.

RECEPTION OF THE KING AND QUEEN BY THE PEOPLE.

The Court Circuler having announced that their Majesties would come to town on Saturday, the popular feeling had an opportunity presented for displaying itself, which was seized with extraordinary avidity. At a quarter past twelve o'clock, the royal carriage in which their Majesties were seated, without attendants reached the village of Hounslow, where it was joined by an escort of about twenty of the 9th Lancers. The postillions passed on at a rapid rate till they entered the town of Brentford; where the people, who had assembled in great numbers, expressed, by groans, hisses, and exclamations, their disapprobation of his Majesty's conduct with respect to the administration. The escort kept close together, and it is probable that they protected their Majesties from insult, as it is alleged that pieces of mud were flung towards the carriage. Along the whole of the road to London the people continued to express their feelings of dissatisfaction. When the carriage entered the Park it proceeded at a very rapid rate towards the Palace, amidst the hisses, mingled with a few occasional cheers, of the crowds assembled to receive it. His Majesty leaned back, but the Queen sat forward, with her face towards the right side window, and appeared to be wholly unconcerned at the groaning and hissing which proceeded from the people. Their Majesties arrived at the palace at half-past one o'clock. The Duke of Wellington had entered the palace in full uniform about a quarter of an hour before their Majesties, and had been assailed by the people with groans, hisses, and other marks of disapprobation. Lord Althorp arrived shortly after their Majesties, and the moment he was recognized he was loudy cheered. Sir Robert Peel, who was speedily joined by the Marquis of Chandos and Colonel Woodford, repaired to the Palace about half half-past 2. The Duke of Wellington after remaining more than three hours with his Majesty, retired about a quarter past 4, amidst groans, and hisses even more vehement than when he arrived. The crowd continued some time before the Palace cheering the supporters of the late ministry, and hissing the supposed adherents of the new one, whenever they were recognized. The Earl of Munster came out of the Palace about three o'clock, and, on entering the Park, the crowd hissed and groaned. Lord Frederick Fitzclarence was received with the same disapprobation, and loud cries of "Reform!" Sir F. Burdett was observed passing on horseback through the Palace gates, to proceed to his house in St. James's place, and was greeted with three distinct cheers. He acknowledged the compliment by taking off his hat and bowing to the people. The crowd remained opposite the Palace, until between 5 and 6 o'clock, when they were compelled to disperse by a body of police. It is stated that their Majesties are to remain in town till Friday next, as there will be a levee on Wednesday, and a drawing-room and ball on Thursday.—*Lond. May* 14.

CRITICAL POSITION OF THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

It is not without pain and regret we state what took place yesterday morning at the parish church of St. Bride's, Fleet-street. It seems that an annual sermon is preached in support of the charities of the parish, and the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (Dr. Ryder, the brother of Lord Harrowby) had offered his services, which were accepted. We should state, it is always customery for the Lord Mayor to attend in state. The nomination of the bishop to preach the sermon did not give general satisfaction to the parishioners, and numerous placards of an unpleasant nature were yesterday in circulation, and indeed, several were exhibited containing advice to send the bishop to Coventry, and inviting the parishioners to quit the church as soon as the bishop ascended the pulpit. A large crowd assembled in Fleet-st., and the avenues leading to the church between ten and eleven o'clock, and was subsequently much increased—so much so, that the respectable inhabitants, particularly the females, found much difficulty in entering the church. Upon the arrival of the lord mayor, his lordship was received with loud and continued plaudits. He was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, but upon the pious prelate's carriage making its appearance, the most horrid yells were uttered, and some mud was thrown at the carriage. It was with great difficulty the bishop succeeded in reaching the vestry-room, from whence he was escorted by the parish functionaries, and a large body of police, to his seat in the church, which was now filled with a dense mass of persons, while the crowd outside greatly increased. The bishop was evidently much agitated when he entered the pulpit. In the course of the sermon he appeared much recovered, until a tremendous shout from the mob outside, and an evident movement from the side aisle within the church, again appeared to affect the bishop's nerves. At the conclusion of the sermon, after waiting some short time, the bishop, with some difficulty, owing to the pressure of the crowd, joined the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and proceeded under their protection and the great activity of the police, down the middle aisle of the church, and was enabled to escape into the vestry-room. He appeared dreadfully agitated, and after some time, requested to accompany the lord mayor in his state carriage, but the lady mayoress being present, and it never being customary for any other person but officers attached to his suite to ride with his lordship, the offer was politely declined. Word being brought that the crowd had somewhat dispersed, the lord mayor's carriage was ordered to be drawn up, and the bishop's to follow quite close. His lordship and the lady mayoress were loudly greeted by the thousands who had now assembled, and considerable apprehension was felt for the safety of the bishop, but the blinds of the carriage being up, doubts arose if he had left the church, and the coachman using considerable dexterity in forcing the horses through the crowd, and Cope, the city marshal, being outside the carriage, the bishop escaped amidst the horrid yells and imprecations of the crowd, who followed the carriage as far as Temple Bar. The crowd quietly dispersed after the departure of the lord mayor and the bishop.—*Lond. paper.*

THE HINDOO AND THE MONKEY.

The following monkey story is marvellous. The natives believe that it actually occurred. I am disposed, however, to think all these stories were originally fables, to impress a moral upon the ignorant. 'Near a small town in the province of Oude, there is a jungle of some extent, inhabited by monkeys. A certain man, of the Hindoo class, residing in the town, resolved upon enjoying himself one day, with a bottle of arrack he had procured by stealth, and since it is well known that spirits or fermented liquors are prohibited articles in the territories governed by Mussulman rulers, the man betook himself, with his treat, to the neighbouring jungle, where, in private, he might drink the spirit he loved, and escape the vigilance of the police. Arriving at a convenient spot, the Hindoo seated himself under a tree, prepared his hookha, drew from his wrapper the bottle of spirits, and a small cup he had provided; and if ever he knew what happiness was in his life, this moment was surely his happiest. He drank a cup of his liquor, smoked his hookha with increased relish, and thought of nothing but his present enjoyment. Presently he heard the sound of rustling in the trees, and in a few minutes after, a fine, sturdy monkey, of the Lungoor tribe, placed himself very near to him and his bottle.

The Hindoo was of a lively temper, and withal kindly disposed towards the living, though not of his own species. Having a cake of dry bread in his waistband, he broke off a piece and threw it to his visitor; the monkey took the bread and sniffed at the cup. 'Perhaps you may like to taste as well as to smell,' thought the Hindoo, as he poured out the liquor into the cup, and presented it to his guest. The monkey raised the cup with both hands to his mouth, sipped off its contents, winked his eyes, appeared well satisfied with the flavor, and to the surprise of the Hindoo, finished the cup, which was no sooner done, than away he sprang up the tree again. 'Had I known you would run away so soon, my guest, I should have spared my arrack,' thought the Hindo. But the monkey quickly returned to his old position, threw down a gold mohur to his entertainer, and sat grinning with apparent satisfaction. The Hindoo, astonished at the sight of gold, thought to repay his benefactor by another cup of spirits, which he placed before the monkey, who drank it off, again mounted the tree, and shortly returned with a second gold mohur.

Delighted with the profit his arrack produced, the Hindoo drank sparingly himself, for each time the monkey took a cup a gold mohur was produced, until the man counted eight of those coins in his palm. By this time, however, the monkey was completely overcome by the strength of his potations, and lay, apparently senseless, before the Hindoo, who fancied now was his turn to mount the tree, where he found, on diligent search, in a hollow place, a small bag of gold mohurs, with which he walked off, leaving the monkey prostrate on the earth. The Hindoo determined on going some distance from his home, in a different direction, fearing his secret treasure might be the means of drawing him into difficulties amongst the people of his own town, who had probably been robbed

by the monkey at some previous period. Meanwhile, the monkey is supposed to have recovered from his stupor, and the next morning, on discovering his loss, he set up a horrid yell which brought together all his fellow-inhabitants of the jungle, and some neighboring villagers saw an immense number of monkeys, of all sorts and sizes, collected together in a body.

The story runs, that this army of monkeys was headed by the one who had recovered from his drunken fit, and that they marched away from the jungle in pursuit of the robber. Their first march was to the adjacent village where every house was visited in turn by the monkeys, without success; no one ever venturing to obstruct or drive away the intruders, fearing their resentment; after which, they sallied out of the village to the main road, minutely looking for footsteps, as a clue, on the sandy pathway; and by this means, discovering the track of the Hindoo, they pursued the road they had entered throughout the day and night. Early in the morning of the following day, the monkeys advanced to the serai (inn, or halting place for travellers) soon after the Hindoo had quitted it, who had actually sojourned there the previous night. On the road, when the horde of monkeys met any traveller, he was detained by them until the chief of them had scrutinized his features, and he was then liberated, on finding he was not the person they were in pursuit of. After having marched nearly forty miles from their home, they entered one of the halting places for travellers, where the Hindoo was resting after his day's journey. The monkey having recognized the robber, immediately grasped him by the arm and others entering, the frightened robber was searched, the purse discovered in his wrapper, which the chief monkey angrily seized, and then counted over its contents, piece by piece. This done, finding the number correct, the monkey selected eight pieces, and threw them towards the Hindoo, and distributing the remaining number of gold mohurs amongst the monkeys, who placed each his coin in the hollow of his cheek, the whole body retired from the serai, to retrace their steps to the jungle.—*Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali.*

A WILD BEAST FIGHT IN INDIA.

His Majesty before he retired, informed the commander-in-chief (Lord Combermere) that he had given orders for the wild beast fights to be prepared for his edification on the morrow; and as these sports are celebrated for the grand scale on which they are conducted at Lucknow, we were all very anxious to witness them. Early in the morning, therefore, the whole party, including ladies, eager for the novel spectacle, mounted elephants, and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the king met the commander-in-chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope network. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savagest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy foreheads, well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically *appuye* against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures even single-handed, and showed little disposition to be the assaulters. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the fancy would describe it) "hored to the ropes and floored." The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace. A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court-yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger who was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard-gate, where he capsized a palankeen, which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports. A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely; but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat. A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist. On our return from the beast fight, a breakfast awaited us at the royal palace, and the white tablecloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth, and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cockpit. This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their houkahs. Elephant fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats in a long verenda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large, open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operations of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large, powerful males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices. On the spacious plane before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mahouts seated on their backs, which were covered with a strong network for the driver to cling by in conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread. We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached, their speed gradually increased, and they at length met with a grand shock, entwining their trunks, and pushing, until one, finding himself over-matched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent, that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat; he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises. Five or six couple were fought, but showed little sport; the sagacious animals instantly discovering when they were over-matched. I had long been ambitious of witnessing the far-famed wild beast fights of Lucknow, and having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them, which few have had, it would hardly be fair to say that I was disappointed. Before the party left the palace, his Majesty took a great fancy to a houkah belonging to one of the staff. It was formed on an entirely new principle; and the King was so smitten with the novel invention, that he signified his royal wish to purchase it, and immediately carried it off, to display its charms to the three hundred and fifty fair inmates of his zenana. In the evening a Piedmontese conjuror, in the pay of the nawaub, entertained us much by his ingenious tricks. He must be a useful fellow to amuse the vacant mind of an eastern despot.—*Capt. Mundy's Journal.*

Sale of a wife by a husband at Carlisle.—On Saturday, the 7th April, the inhabitants of this city witnessed the sale of a wife by her husband, Joseph Thompson, who resides in a village about three miles from this city. He rents a farm of about forty two or forty four acres, and was married at Hexham, in the year 1829, to his present wife. She is a spruce, lively, buxom damsel, apparently not exceeding 22 years of age, and appeared to feel a pleasure at the exchange she was about to make. They had no children during their union, and that, together with some family disputes, caused them by mutual agreement to come to the resolution of finally parting. Accordingly the bellman was sent round to give public notice of the sale, which was to take place at 12 o'clock. This announcement attracted the notice of thousands. She appeared above the crowd, standing on a large oak chair, surrounded by her friends, with a rope or halter made of straw round her neck. She was dressed in rather a fashionable country style, and appeared to some advantage. The husband, who was also standing in an elevated position near her, proceeded to put her up for sale, and spoke nearly as follows:—

Gentlemen,—I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thompson, otherwise Williamson, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. Gentlemen, it is her wish as well as mine, to part forever. She has been to me only a bosom serpent. I took her for my comfort, and the good of my house, but she has become my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil—(great laughter.) Gentlemen, I speak truth from my heart when I say, may God deliver us from troublesome wives, and frolicsome widows—(laughter.) Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential phenomenon in nature. Now I have shown you the dark side of my wife, and told you her faults and her failings, I will now introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels, and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thristy; indeed, Gentlemen, she reminds me of what the Poet says of women in general—

'Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace
To laugh, to weep, to cheat the human race.'

"She can make butter, and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's melodies, and plait her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin or whiskey, but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her, with all her perfections and imperfections, for the sum of fifty shillings."

After an hour or two she was purchased by Henry Mears, a pensioner, for the sum of *twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog*. The happy pair left town together, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the multitude, in which they were joined by Thompson, who with the greatest good humour imaginable, proceeded to put the halter, which his wife had taken off, around the neck of his Newfoundland dog, and then proceeded to the first public house, and spent the remainder of the day.—*Lancaster Herald.*

Sir James Campbell, in his memoirs, gives an account of his introduction to the Pandemonium, a dinner club, held at a house in Clarges street, Piccadilly:—I had previously been proposed (by Mr. Foote) and balloted for; I went alone. In the arm-chair next the fire I found a fat gentleman seated whom I had never seen before. Standing by his side in close conversation was a dapper little man, with whom it seemed to me as if I had been already acquainted. In other parts of the room there were several little groups of individuals, evidently waiting with impatience for the announcement of dinner. Among these I discovered a person to whom I could address myself as having formerly been named to; but him I found so deeply immersed in some cogitation of his own, that it was not without a good deal of difficulty I could induce him to present me to the stout gentleman in the chair, and one or two others whose acquaintance I was desirous of making. The person I addressed was Oliver Goldsmith, the most abstract man in Europe. He who first attracted my attention I found to be the great moralist of the age, the author of the Rambler. In return for my best bow, he gruffly nodded to me, and continued some observations of a ludicrous nature, which he was making in a tone of mock solemnity to the little man by his side, who proved to be no other than David Garrick. The Roscius received me with an air of cordiality and politeness, which was quite delightful to me. At length we adjourned to dinner. The conversation, to my great relief, became general, even before the cloth was removed. It seemed to be a favourite object with several of the members to bring out the peculiar vein of Dr. Goldsmith. About this period he had produced the *Good Natured Man*, and other successful comedies. Mr. Foote observed to him that he wondered to see Goldsmith writing such stuff as these, after immortalizing his name by pieces so inimitable as "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village." "Why, Master Foote," said Goldsmith, with his rich Irish brogue, in reply, "my fine verses as you talk of would never produce me a breakfast, and a can of porter; but since I have written nonsense, as you call it, for your bare boards, I can afford to live like a gentleman."

Golden Eagle.—This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country, which skirts the Rocky mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honorable with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets or smoking pipes used by the Indians in celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the calumet eagle. Indeed so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of Saskatchewan, of a half-breed Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with belief in his supernatural powers. In the midst of this harangue, an eagle was observed suspended, as it were, in the air, directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon. —*Zoology of North America.*

Anecdote.—If the following anecdote has not, as we are assured, appeared in print before, our readers will not be displeased that we have given it place:

It is related of a reverend clergyman, living in Vermont some thirty years since, that he was on such friendly and intimate terms with his parishioners, that he would sometimes indulge in freedoms not altogether in character with the gravity of deportment, so essential to the maintenance of clerical dignity and respect. On a certain occasion, previous to commencing religious worship, he called the attention of his hearers to a subject which weighed heavily on his mind.

"I have," said he, "something to impart and something to learn. There is one thing which I know that you do not know; there is one thing which you know that I do not know, and there is one thing which neither of us know. First, as I was coming over the hedge I tore my breeches,—this I know, but you did not know. Second—whether you will give me cloth enough to make a new pair—this you know but I do not know—and third, what will the tailor charge to make them?"—*Bost. Trans.*

The late archbishop of Bordeaux.—The late archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote will not be read without interest. "My lord," said a person to him one day, "here is a poor woman to ask charity; what do you wish to do for her?" "How old is she?" "Seventy." "Is she in great distress?" "She says so." "She must be relieved; give her 25 francs." "Twenty-five francs! my lord, is too much, especially as she is a Jewess." "A Jewess?" "Yes! my lord." "Oh, that makes a great difference; give her 50 francs, and thank her for coming."

The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn "how it happened his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful and even gay description." To this, Haydn's answer was, "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel:—when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

Talleyrand.—M. Talleyrand was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "How could Madame de S—— make such a match? a person of her birth to marry a valet-de-chambre!" "Ah!" replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game; at nine we don't reckon honours."—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE GATHERING OF THE UNIONS.

"Lo! we answer! see, we come!
Quick at Freedom's holy call,
We come! we come! we come!
To do the glorious work of all;
And hark! we raise, from sea to sea,
The sacred watch-word Liberty.

God is our guide! from field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom;
We come, our country's to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's doom:
And hark! we raise from sea to sea,
The sacred watch-word Liberty.

God is our guide! no swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle fires?
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires,
We raise the watch-word Liberty,
We will, we will, we will be free."

A WARRANTED ARTICLE.—The New Bedford Gazette tells this story: "It is well known that the blacking of a celebrated English firm is warranted not to soil the finest linen. A chap from the country the other day, procured a bottle of Day & Martin's best, at one of the stores in this town, and after embellishing his Sunday-go-to-meeting calf skins with a portion of its contents, placed the remainder in his trunk. On his way home the cork by some means or other detached itself from the bottle, and as liquid blacking, like water, (as has been demonstrated by theory and practice,) seeks its level, a 'copious emission' ensued over its fellow articles. A few days afterwards he entered the store whence he obtained the blacking, with a countenance partaking more of *anger* than of *sorrow*. 'See here,' exclaimed he, 'what ye're impositions have brought on me; here's my spandy new suit splattered all over with the stuff, and my trowsers and shirt tetotally spoilt; did'nt it say it wouldn't *silt* the finest linen?' 'Why, yes,' said the storekeeper, 'but you must acknowledge, my friend, that it cannot be considered as including your wardrobe, the linen of it being by no means the *finest*."

M. Champollion the younger, so well known for his revelation (so to speak) of the long hidden mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, died recently at Paris. Among his manuscripts is an *Egyptian grammar*, which the Journal des Debats characterizes as "the key of his discoveries, and as unfolding the first decipherable alphabet of ancient Egypt." Many of the papers unite in calling upon the Government to purchase his MSS. both as essential to the cause of letters, and in order to ensure thereby a provision to his family. Champollion's worthy English rival in decyphering hieroglyphics, *Young*, preceded him to the grave.

Mr. Maberly's *racing stud*, being brought to the hammer at Tattersalls, produced the sum of 2,062 guineas.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1832.

FLYING FROM THE CHOLERA.

A. Good morning, friend B, have you heard any more of the cholera?

B. Nothing which I can rely upon. The rumors are, that it is travelling south, and that it will probably soon be here.

A. What is your opinion about it?

B. I think also, that it will soon be here.

A. But they have taken measures at Albany to stop it on the way.

B. To stop it! They might as well undertake to stop the north wind. All these efforts to keep it out are vain and ridiculous. They are worse. They take the people's money for nothing. Besides, while they rely upon these measures to keep the disease away, they neglect those means which ought to be employed for its reception.

A. You believe it will come then in spite of the efforts of corporate bodies?

B. Unquestionably.

A. Then I shall clear out.

B. What, run away?

A. Certainly—shan't you?

B. No.

A. How! stay here and die?

B. I know not that I shall die the sooner for staying.

A. But if the cholera comes, as you say it will, it may seize you as well as another.

B. That is true. But I must not fly from my duty, because I may possibly be attacked by disease if I stay.

A. Your duty! Is it any man's duty to stay and die?

B. It is a man's duty to attend faithfully to his business—especially when upon that business depends his own subsistence and that of his family.

A. I think differently. A man's life, in my estimation, is paramount to every thing. "All that a man hath," saith the scripture, "will he give for his life." I have business here too, which will suffer in my absence; nay, perhaps, will be ruined by leaving it. I have also a family depending on that business. But all that makes no difference. I shall fly for my life.

B. And leave your family to perish?

A. Not so—I shall take them with me, because I can do so with little or no hindrance to myself.

B. But if the disease were already here, and you were absent from the city, would you not return to carry away your family?

A. And so expose myself to die? No indeed. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." That is scripture doctrine.

B. Yes, but it came from the mouth of Satan, when he was about tempting Job.

A. I don't care whose mouth it came from; it is sound doctrine, and one which I think most of the world would act upon.

B. I hope not. I cannot have so bad an opinion of most of the world.

A. Then you have not drawn your opinion from facts. Do you not recollect how, when the yellow fever prevailed, people fled from their nearest and dearest friends, and left them to die.

B. Those, who did so, were mere savages. They were more unfeeling than the brutes. They had not a spark of Christian feeling—not a single ray of humanity. They do not to others as they would have others do to them. They violate the whole golden rule.

A. Why, as to that, I think the golden rule, as you call it, is very excellent in all common cases—but in a matter of life and death, we may be allowed to depart from it.

B. Indeed! I had supposed there was no exception whatever to the rule; that, whether in life or death, it was the only true and safe one.

A. There's where we differ. My opinion, in matters of life and death, is, "Every man for himself, and God for us all."

B. But you cannot expect God to be for you, while you fly from your duty; while, like a savage, you desert friends, relations and neighbors. Recollect the example of Stephen Girard, who, while thousands were dying of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, and fear rendered mankind callous and inhuman, continued all the while at the post of duty, attending on the sick when their friends had deserted them.

A. The more fool he, to expose his life thus.

B. Yet he died none the sooner for it; but, as you know, lived to a good old age; and at last departed with the general blessings of the community on his head. How much more glorious to live and die thus, than selfishly and cowardly to fly from the discharge of one's duty!

A. All that is very fine talk, friend B; but I have no desire for any such glory. Life—life—"all that a man hath will he give for his life." But why do I stand here talking? Perhaps at this very instant the cholera is making its entrance into the city. I must be off.

B. Possibly you may meet it in your haste to fly; or perhaps you may meet some other death as dreadful.

A. These possibilities and perhapses shall not stay me. I will not continue in the city another hour.

[A accordingly fled to avoid the cholera; but met death on the way by the upsetting of the vehicle in which he attempted to avoid it.]

ROBINSON CRUSOE PUZZLED.

The celebrated hero of De Foe, who, in his lonely island, had overcome nearly every kind of physical difficulty without the aid of any human being, was at length, it seems, very much puzzled by certain questions from his man, Friday, whom he had undertaken to instruct in the christian religion.

"I had," says he, "been talking to him a great deal of the power of God, his omnipotence, his dreadful aversion to sin, his being a consuming fire to the workers of iniquity; how, as he had made us all, he could destroy us and all the world in a moment; and he listened with great seriousness to me all the while.

After this, I had been telling him how the devil was God's enemy in the hearts of men, and used all malice and skill to defeat the good designs of Providence, and to ruin the kingdom of Christ in the world, and the like: "Well," says Friday, "but you say God is so strong, so great, is he not much strong, much might as the devil."

"Yes, yes," said I, "Friday, God is stronger than the devil, God is above the devil, and therefore we pray to God to tread him under our feet, and enable us to resist his temptations, and quench his fiery darts."

"But," says he again, "if God much strong, much might, as the devil, why God not kill the devil, so make him no more wicked?"

I was strangely surprised at this question; and after all, though I was now an old man, yet I was but a young doctor, and ill enough qualified for a casuist, or a solver of difficulties; and at first I could not tell what to say; and so I pretended not to hear him, and asked him what he said? but he was too earnest for an answer to forget his question; so that he repeated it in the same broken words, as above. By this time I had recovered myself a little, and I said, "God will at last punish him severely; he is reserved for the judgment, and is to be cast into the bottomless pit, to dwell with everlasting fire."

"This did not satisfy Friday; but he returns upon me, repeating my words—"Reserve at last! me no understand: but why not kill the devil now, not kill great ago?"

"You may as well ask me," said I, "why God does not kill you and me, when we do wicked things here that offend him: we are preserved to repent and be pardoned."

He muses a while at this: "Well, well," says he, mighty affectionately, "that well; so you, I, devil, all wicked, all preserve, repent, God pardon all."

ETYMOLOGIES.

MAMAKATING.—There is a little town, in Sullivan county, N.Y., ycleped Mamakating—the etymology whereof is very obvious—that is to say, it is very plainly derived from some woman, and that woman somewhat of a venerable old body, as appears from the first half of the name—to wit, *Mama*—a title which no youngerly woman attains to, as a general appellation among her friends and acquaintance. It is a mark not only of respectable age, but of considerable notoriety.

Thus much is obvious respecting the etymology of Mamakating. Now to the history of the same. As far as we are informed, it is derived from one Mrs. Kating, a lady well known to the inhabitants of a bygone age, and one of the original settlers of the soil. She went for many years by the name of *Mama Kating*.

But Mrs. Kating was no common body. She was a most important personage—no less so than the general representative of *Lucina*. She enjoyed vast fame in her profession; was looked up to with extraordinary respect by all good and patriotic married people; and had done more than any other individual in aid of those who religiously keep the commandment "to increase and multiply."

Mrs. Kating was regarded not only with reverence, but affection—and the affection, as it were, of children—all which is abundantly testified by the filial appellation of *Mama*. Indeed, she might be said, in some sense, to be the mother of the inhabitants, for it was she who had introduced most of them to this breathing world. Who more fit, then, to give them a name? They were the children of Mama Kating, and it was but right that they should be called after Mama Kating. This feeling was prevalent among the people; it was acted upon by common consent; and the name of MAMAKATING—now spelt in one word—remains a lasting monument to the fame of the once bearer, whose bones have ere this mouldered to dust.

OWEGO.—The name of a town, in Tioga county, has, like the foregoing, a somewhat obvious derivation; but it is obviously taken from an expression, or phrase, rather than from the appellation of any person or thing. Among the original settlers of the town of Owego, was a set of driving, horse-racing, fox-hunting, harum-scarum fellows. They were always engaged in some dare-devil exploit or other, and mostly acted in concert. They were generally fortunate in their doings—seldom meeting with any worse accidents than a few broken heads, arms, legs, and so forth.

The vanity of these fellows was quite equal to their exploits. When running horses, or leaping precipices, in the full tide of successful experiment, they would swing their hats around their heads, and cry out—"*O we go!*" as much as to say, We go it finely, my boys! This expression they at length became so fond of, that they used it on every occasion, and sometimes in a very ludicrous manner.

One of them, on a certain time, having a tussle with a huge bear, Bruin, raising himself upon his hind legs, seized him round the waist, and began to walk off with him. While moving in this close embrace, and the breath nearly squeezed out of his body, he bawled to his companions—"*O we go!*"

Another one, while riding down a steep descent, was so unfortunate as to lose his footing, and horse and man came rolling together to the bottom. While they were thus descending—sometimes one, sometimes the other, atop—he broke forth to his steed—"Yerrick! Yerrick, Dobbin! *O we go!*"

But it is needless to multiply instances. The expression finally became so pat, and was so much in every body's mouth, either seriously, or by way of ridicule, that the settlement was at length called *Owego*—at first out of a mere joke—but afterwards in good earnest; and the name originally conferred in derision, like that of the Quakers, became the enduring appellation; and the three words, being rolled into one, we have the present name of OWEGO.

READY FOR SPECULATION.

Passing along one of our streets, a day or two since, we were accosted by a stout rosy-cheeked Yankee, whom we had seen in former times. He stated that he was just from the east, and that he was accompanied by five other young men of his acquaintance.

"I'm glad to see you. But didn't you know that the Cholera was expected here?"

"Know it! I guess we did; and that's the very thing we come for."

"What! come for the cholera?"

"I'll tell you how 'tis: we've got a little money in our pockets, and we've come here for a speculation. We know a thing or two that these stupid Yorkers don't think of. As soon as the cholera comes, they'll be half frightened to death. Some of 'em will leave the city, others won't come to it, business will be at a stand, and money will be a cash article. Then is our time for a speculation; then the lining of our pocket-books will be in good demand. Your citizens must have money, and they'll sell their property at any price, in order to command it."

"Upon my word, you've laid a very judicious plan for making money. But what if the cholera in the mean time should carry you off?"

"Why," said he with great coolness, "we've made our calculations as to that too. As like as not some of us may kick the bucket; but that's a mere matter of course you know; and we've agreed, in that event, that those who survive shall have all the benefit of the speculation."

"You don't seem at present, however," said we, glancing at his countenance, "to be a very likely subject for the cholera."

"Do you think so?" asked he; "well now I'll show you the whole caravan, and if you don't say we're six as hearty looking lads as ever eat pork and molasses, I'll treat."

As we were standing in front of the house at which they put up, he called his companions out. His description had not belied them. They were hale fellows—fit to go through fire and water—ready for trade—to buy, or to sell, or to swap. They were inured to exercise, and well versed in all sorts of speculation. Some of them had peddled tin ware; some wooden clocks; some combs, pitchforks, and other notions. In short they were the very men to look death in the face, and MAKE MONEY OUT OF THE CHOLERA.

BELLE.—A biped made up of vanity, rouge, whalebone, and stay-tape. It is of the feminine gender, mingles intimately with the human species, and is supposed by some to be an individual of that species. It is endued with the faculty of speech; though it seldom uses it to any good purpose. It has no heart of its own; but it has sometimes succeeded in stealing the hearts of some silly or unguarded gentlemen, merely for the purpose of tormenting, or breaking them. Its dress varies exceedingly at different periods: sometimes being so long as to drag two or three yards on the ground—then again so short as nearly to discover the whole stocking. The latter is at present the more prevalent mode; and a specimen of the thing in full dress—(that is to say, half dress),—may be seen almost any time, when the weather is favorable, promenading, either with, or without, the thing called a beau, on the western side of Broadway.

STREET.—A space of ground running between rows of houses, for the most part covered over the surface either with bricks or stones. It is used as the depository of dead dogs, defunct cats, drowned rats, coal-ashes, potatoe parings, kitchen slops, and whatever other (nameless) things may serve to offend the sight or the smell. *Vide* New York.

NEW WAY OF CURING LOVE.—A French paper gives an account of a couple of fond "lovyers," who, because their parents objected to their marrying, locked themselves up in a close room, lighted three chafing dishes full of charcoal, and endeavored to undergo the process of suffocation. The girl succeeded in dying; but the young man, being probably made of sterner stuff, was taken out alive, and carried, in a state of distraction, to the Hospital of Beaujon, to be restored to his senses, and then to be tried for murder.

TO PUNISH ENVY.

Nunquam divitias Deus regavi, etc.
MARTIAL.

Ne'er of the gods did I ask riches—
Content with shelter, bread, and breeches.
But now I strive for something more
Than what I used to crave before:
And solely for this thing I labor,
That I may plague my envious neighbor.

THE ORIGIN AND COURSE OF INTEMPERANCE: a Poem in Five Cantos. By John Thomas. New York: Burgess & Smith. 1832.

This is the title of a short poem, of some sixty pages. The hints are derived from Scripture history, ending with Belshazzar's feast, and the destruction of Babylon. The author has in his preface expressed a hope that the "moral end" of the poem "*may have* the efficacy of staying the club of the literary Hercules." To which we answer, we are no Hercules; and if we were, could not think of lifting our club against the present work.

HUNCHBACK.—We had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Knowles's new Comedy, as performed, for the first time at the Park, on Monday evening. And we can truly say it was no ordinary pleasure, whether we regard the piece itself, or the excellent manner in which it was performed. The time, at which the action is supposed to take place, is laid two or three centuries back; and the style is much like that of the writers of the Shakspearean age—particularly, Massinger. It is full of splendid poetry, glowing images, interesting scenes. It has pathos, and it has sprightly humor. The manner in which the gay Helen teaches her cousin how to make love, is very amusing, but the general character of the play is that of strong passion, of deep feeling. Mrs. Sharpe performed the part of Julia to admiration; and Mrs. Wallack sustained that of Helen remarkably well. The Hunchback himself was enacted by Mr. Barry, and in his best style. Richings made an excellent Lord Tinsal, and played the consummate coxcomb in the superior manner in which he always plays characters of that description.

WISE—OR OTHERWISE.—His Honor the Mayor has issued his proclamation, prohibiting any steamboat or vessel, having on board a person sick with fever, or cholera, from approaching within three hundred yards of the city, or landing any passenger without first gaining permission of his Honor; also, ordaining, that no carriage containing any person who has a fever, or the cholera, shall come within five miles of the City Hall, without leave obtained as aforesaid. Why His Honor has extended the prohibition to *fever*, we do not know. Are there not hundreds of persons in this city sick with a fever every day? No doubt there are. In order therefore to carry out his Honor's principle fully, all these febrile patients should be carried landward five miles from the City Hall—or waterward three hundred yards from any wharf! But the whole thing is vexatious and absurd. These restrictions are like a man's "biting

off his own nose;" or, to draw an illustration from Hudibras, like the

"Gun, which aimed at duck or plover,
Bears wide and knocks its owner over."

CHOLERA PREMONITION.—It is stated in a report of the Edinburgh Physicians, that an attack of the cholera is always preceded by a buzzing in the ears and a looseness of the bowels; and that a cathartic, taken at this time, will act as a sure preventive.

An act has passed the board of Assistants, depriving cattle and swine of the *Freedom of the City*. Was it necessary to take it from these ancient proprietors, in order to confer it upon a new character?

☞ We are requested to mention that Chloride of Lime, Soda, &c. may be obtained of all the principal Druggists in the city.

*** The Proprietors of the Constellation, grateful for the liberal patronage already received by this Journal, and anxious to keep pace with the *improvements of the times*, announce their intention of commencing a new series and new volume on the 15th of September next. Payments for the paper being made according to the length of time it is taken, this will not affect the bills of subscribers. Having the promised aid of several gentlemen of *wit* and *talents*, they hope to render their journal yet more attractive in its matter, as well as its appearance.

The Terms will be as now, Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; out of the United States $4 per annum, U.S. postage included. No subscriptions received for less than a half year, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods. Persons who may wish to commence with the new volume will please give early notice at the office, 16 Merchants' Exchange, post paid.

For the purpose of bringing the commencement of all subscriptions to one specific period, we have made out all our bills to 8th September ensuing. They are in the hands, *in the city*, of our general agent, Mr. Edmund Fowle, and in the country will be presented by an authorised Agent. As the amounts are each very small—although in the aggregate a considerable sum, we shall feel under many obligations to our subscribers if they will pay their dues on presentation of the bills; or if absent from home, leave the amount with some member of their family.

☞ "Please Exchange." A desire to comply with the wishes of our contemporaries has swelled our list of Exchange papers so much, that the expense is greater than we can reasonably be expected to bear. We trust, therefore, that those whom we may be compelled to strike from our list will not feel hurt at such a course, having the honest reason thus set before them. To the numerous applications "Please Exchange," three of which—received this day, are before us, and to all our *Contemporaries* who may hereafter wish to receive "The Constellation," we say—send us *Two dollars in advance*, free of expense, and insert our short circular once in six months, and you shall have the paper for a year, without "Exchange."

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CHOLERA.

Report of the Edinburgh Board of Health on the mode of PREVENTING AND TREATING *the* MALADY.

The Edinburgh Board of Health having maturely considered what steps should be taken for checking the Epidemic Cholera, if it should appear in this city, are of opinion that the proper time is now arrived for making public the following direction for the guidance of the inhabitants.

I. The Board are satisfied, that the disease may arise spontaneously from hidden causes; and that it may also become contagious in circumstances not yet ascertained. But they are fully warranted in declaring, that when it does become contagious, the risk of its spreading in that manner is very much diminished if due attention be paid to cleanliness and sobriety. And they therefore intreat the inhabitants of Edinburgh, in the event of the disease appearing here, not to be misled by exaggerated notions of its contagious nature—the inevitable tendency of which would be to leave the sick helpless, and without that attendance from friends and others which is more pressingly required in this disease than in any other.

II. Experience has shown that the most essential precaution for escaping the disease is sobriety—that intoxication during the prevalence of the epidemic is almost sure to be followed by an attack—and that those addicted to drinking are the most subject to cholera, and the most likely to sink under it. In like manner, strict attention to personal cleanliness—to cleanliness and ventilation of dwelling houses—to warm clothing—to regularity of hours for sleep—to keeping as much as possible within doors at night—and to taking food before going out in the morning—may be relied on as important means of security.

III. The Board are providing, that should the disease appear, several hospitals shall be opened over the city—also that stations shall be established, where, as well as at the hospitals, medicines and heating apparatus may be procured at all hours of the day and night—and likewise, that, if necessary, all night watchmen shall be supplied with medicines for the immediate use of any one who wanted them. By these means it will be in the power of every one to procure instant aid.

Notice of the situation of hospitals and stations or medicines will be given the instant the disease may appear.

IV. But to prevent the possibility of delay, especially in the dead of night, when the disease is very apt to begin, the Board recommend families to provide the following articles:

1. *Mixture*—Take sulphuric ether and aromatic spirit of hartshorn, of each half an ounce, compound tincture of cinnamon, one ounce: Mix and cork up carefully.

2. *Laudanum*—An ounce to be kept in readiness.

3. *Pills*—Take of opium twenty-four grains; camphor one drachm; spirit of wine and conserve of roses enough to make a mass of proper consistence—divide into 24 pills.

4. *Clysters*.—Take of laudanum an ounce, tincture of asseletida two ounces; mix for keeping. Before using, mix three tea-spoonfuls with a wine glassful of thin starch; and retain it when injected, by pressure below with a warm cloth, as long as possible.

5. *Mustard Poultices*.—Have always at hand four ounces of powdered mustard. A fourth part of this, spread over porridge poultices, will be sufficient for one patient.

In such cases, the friends will without delay give a tablespoonful of the Mixture, No. 1, with 60 drops of laudanum, in half a wine glassful of cold water. Follow this with a table spoonful occasionally of warm spirits and water, or strongly spiced wine. Repeat two tea-spoonfuls of the Mixture, with 30 drops of laudanum every half hour if the first does fail to relieve. If the mixture be vomited, then give two Pills, No. 3, and repeat every half hour if the first two fail to relieve or be vomited. But after the vomiting and cramps cease, the Mixture of Pills must not be repeated once if not retained.—[N B. The doses of the Mixtures, Laudanum, Pills, and Clyster, must not be exceeded. For children of fourteen, half the dose mentioned, and for children of seven one fourth is sufficient.] The Hot air Bath, or, if is not at hand, dry heat over the whole body in any shape, such as by hot blankets and hot bricks, sand, salt, or bottles of hot water—together with constant rubbing of the whole body—should likewise be resorted to from the first. The Mustard Poultices should as soon as possible, be applied over the belly and on the soles and calves, and kept on till the patient complains of the smarting.

By the time these measures have been put in force, opportunity will have been given for procuring medical advice; which is indispensible for the treatment afterwards. The Board think it necessary to apprise the public, that where this disease has prevailed, blood letting, when resorted to within the first, second, or third hour from the commencement of the attack, has been very generally found useful along with the other remedies, notwithstanding the appearance of sudden weakness and excessive sinking already mentioned.

VI. By following these rules, and taking prompt advantage of the provisions made at the Station points, the Board are convinced that in many cases it will be checked at the outset. But, at the same time, they strongly exhort the laboring classes to convey their sick friends with all speed to the hospitals, rather than try to cure them at home, where they can seldom have the proper means at command. The hospitals will, it is hoped, be so numerous, that one shall be near every man's habitation; and carriages, to serve at the same time as dry-heat baths, may be found always ready at the hospitals and stations, for the instant removal of patients at all hours of the day and night. The Board feel assured, that, by quickly availing themselves of these provisions, working people will get their sick friends brought sooner and far more effectually under treatment than in any other way; and they must not forget, that every minute's delay is highly dangerous.

6. *Hot-air Bath*.—The Board have approved of a hot-air bath of a simple construction, which may be seen at the Blind Asylum, and made by a carpenter, price about ten shillings. Every family who can afford it ought to have one.

V. No time should be lost in sending for medical aid. But when the disease commences suddenly in a violent form, it is dangerous to lose even the time which must pass before such aid can be had. This form is at once known by sudden weakness, a contracted, ghastly countenance, blueness of the lips, and general coldness, accompanying or preceding vomiting, purging and cramps.

No. 1.—*Cholera Mixture*.—A table-spoonful, with 60 drops of laudanum, in half a wine-glassful of cold water. If this fail to relieve, repeat two spoonfuls, with 30 drops of laudanum, every hour.

Half these doses of mixture and laudanum, for children of 11. One-fourth for children of 7.

Do not exceed the doses prescribed; and stop when the vomiting and cramps cease, unless you have medical advice.

No 3.—*Cholera Pills*.—To be used if the mixture No. 1 be vomited—Two pills at first, and then one every half hour, if the first fail to relieve. Half these doses for children of 11; one fourth for children of 7. Do not exceed the doses prescribed; and stop when the vomiting and cramps cease, unless you have medical advice.

No. 4.—*Cholera Clysters*.—Inject three tea spoonfulls in a wine glass-full of thin warm gruel; and retain as long as possible by pressure below with a warm cloth. If not retained, repeat immediately, but otherwise not.

Half the dose for children of 11; one fourth for children of 7.

No. 5.—*Mustard for poultices*.—A fourth part enough for one person. Dust it thickly over porridge poultices, of which apply a large one on the belly, and others on the soles and calves. Remove when the patient complains much of the smarting.

Anecdote of Governor Chittenden.—Thomas Chittenden was the first Governor of the State of Vermont. Many pleasing anecdotes are related of him. "Mum," said he (which was his usual way of addressing his lady,) "who is that stepping so softly to the kitchen?" It was midnight, and every soul in the house was locked in the arms of Somnus, but he and his companion. He left his bed as easy as he could, followed the intruder into the cellar, and heard him taking large pieces of pork out of his meat barrel, and stowing them away in a bag. "Who's there?" said the Governor, in a grum, stentorian voice, as the intruder began to make preparations to be off. The latter shrunk back into a corner, as mute as a dead man. "Bring a candle, mum." When a light was handed, "what are you waiting for, Mr. Robber, Thief, or whatever your name is?" said he. The fellow shook, as if his joints would be sundered. "Come, sir, fill up your sack and be off, and not disturb honest people so often, when they are wishing to take their repose." The thief looked more frighted than before. "Be quick, fill up, I shall make few words with you." He was compelled to comply. "Hast thou got enough, sirrah? Begone then in a moment! When you have gormandized this, come in the day time, and I will give you more; rather than have my house pillaged at such an hour as this. One thing I'll name for you to ponder upon; as sure as fate, if I ever have the smallest reason to suspect you of another such act, the law shall be put in force and the dungeon receive another occupant.—Otherwise you may still run at large, for anything that I shall do." The fellow went away, and never afterward was known to commit an immoral deed.

An Original Tragedy.—The first drama ever performed in Sweden was enacted in the reign of John II. who bore sway from 1483 to 1513. The actor to whom the part of Longinus was intrusted had directions to thrust his spear into the Saviour's body, as if it really went through his side. But he played the soldier with so uncouth a hand, that he ran the poor fellow affixed to the cross right through the body; and, what was worse, the cross upset by his violence, and killed the actress who was playing the part of the Virgin. At this, his Majesty King John, giving way to the first impulse of his rage at the actor's slaughterous awkwardness, rushed upon the stage and struck off his head at a single blow! But the audience, whose powers of digestion were incapable of brooking so furious an outrage on their favorite, immediately burst the trammels of all allegiance asunder, and took bloody vengeance on their monarch, by putting him to death on the spot!

Curran.—When Judge Robinson was on the bench, a dispute took place between him and Mr. Curran on some point connected with a case then before the court. During the altercation, his lordship indulged in some sarcastic remark on the embarrassed circumstances of the young lawyer. The latter, feeling indignant at the personality of the allusion, addressed him in the following words: "My lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the conflict, that he seeks to assume it; it is in vain, that he seeks to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." Judge R. "If you say another word, Sir, I'll commit you." Mr. C. "If your Lordship should do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing your Lordship has *committed*."—*From a Memoir of Mr. Curran in the Imperial Magazine.*

The House of Rothschild.—The environs of Frankfort have received a new embellishment. The splendid country house of the Baron A. de Rothschild, on the road of Buckenheim, is now completely finished. The marble staircase is particularly worthy of remark; it cost a considerable sum. The mother of the brothers Rothschild, a woman of very advanced age and respectable character, continues to reside in a small house of humble appearance, in the Jews' street: an honourable feeling prevents her from quitting it. "It is in that house," she says, "I have seen my children commence their fortune; it is in that house, I wish to die." She is afraid, that heaven would withdraw its blessing from her children, if, through a sentiment of earthly vanity, she should abandon the residence in which she gave them birth.

A Village Parson's Apology—To his Congregation, for having introduced a superabundance of high flown expressions into his Sermons.

Respected Friends—My oral documents having recently been the subject of your vituperation, I hope it will not be an instance of vain eloquence of supererogation, if I laconically promulgate, that, avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical and peripatetical propositions, all hyperbolical exaggerations, and extenuations, whether physically, philosophically, philologically, politically, or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations, or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be definitively and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to the occiputs, caputs, and cerebrums of you, my most superlatively respectable auditory.

Epitaph.—In a churchyard in the village of Rowley (Mass.) stands a tombstone, erected to the memory of one of its lamented citizens, bearing the following inscription:

O Rowley, Rowley, Rowley,
Thy grief is very sore;
For Deacon Jewett he is dead,
And you'll never see him *again*.

The lack of rhyme in the last word (which should have been *more*) originated in a way who, happening in the artist's shop at the time when the order for engraving was handed in, offering to the bearer of the lines, to defray the expense of the whole, if he would allow him to alter a *single word*.

Louis XIV.—The death of his queen affected him in the severest degree. "Good God!" said he, when his attendant forced him away from her lifeless body, "is it possible that the queen is dead? and that I must forever lose her, who never gave me pain but when she died?" It is not easy to pronounce a funeral oration in fewer words.

English Fogs.—The fogs of England have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, on being asked by some person about returning to Spain if he had any commands, replied, "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I come to England." Carracioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say that the only *ripe fruit* he had seen in England were *roasted apples*, and that he preferred the *moon* of Naples to the *sun* of England.

A Stage-struck Tailor.—A short time since a *tailor's* apprentice was "strutting and fretting his hour upon the stage" of Pym's private theatre, in Gray's Inn-lane, in the character of *Macbeth*, and having exclaimed "I have done the deed!" his master, a respectable tradesman in Oxford-street, standing up in the pit, called out to his hopeful apprentice, "That's not true; you haven't mended Mr. Greene's small clothes: and curse me if you shan't catch it! Done the deed, indeed! why you haven't done a stitch of work for the last three days!"

MANSIONS OF THE GREAT.—"The more proud the mansion has been tenanted in the day of its prosperity, the humbler are its inhabitants in the day of its decline; and the palace of the king ends in being the nestling-place of the beggar."—*Irving*.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

By Miss Landon.

"Not yet—the flowers are in my path,
The sun is in my sky;
Not yet—my heart is full of hope—
I cannot bear to die.

Not yet—I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love—oh, Death,
I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again,—and then he said,
"I'm ready now to die."

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

From the Atlas of last week.

The Atlas is this day chiefly devoted to Parliamentary intelligence; among which, while momentous realities form the interesting subject of the greater part, the reader will not be displeased with the entertainment to be derived from a fictitious report of the business of a *new House of Commons*, some extracts from which we here lay before them.

"As we dropped asleep the other evening, while in the act of perusing a speech of the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn upon finance, we dropped at the same time, into the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, where instead of the bearded and booted senators of the present regime, we saw, (to our no small surprise, for we knew the old standing order against the admission of females) a remarkably full house, composed entirely of ladies. They seemed to be of all ages, from threescore and ten to one-and-twenty; and a blind man might have fancied himself in the French Chamber of Deputies, or the Caledonian chapel, for all the members were speaking together, and the most loquacious of all seemed to be the Speaker herself. This struck us as so bold an innovation, that we expressed our astonishment to a smart young girl behind us, (who was reporting for a Morning paper called the *Moon*,) and were informed, that it had been found impossible to prevail upon any lady to accept the office even with an increased salary, upon the ancient '*lucus-a-non-lucendo*' condition of seldom or never opening her lips. It was a long time before any tolerable order was restored, so that there was leisure to get some additional information from the reporter to the *Moon* respecting the great revolution which had evidently taken place. After expressing herself somewhat surprised at our ignorance, she told us that, very soon after the accession of the Princess Victoria, an article appeared in *La Belle Assemblee*, in which the incongruity of a monarch in petticoats, and a legislature in breeches, was so ably exposed, that public meetings of the women of England began to be held every where upon the subject. At first, they contented themselves with petitioning Parliament, and only claimed an equal right with the other sex to seats in both houses; but finding their petitions generally neglected, and often treated with the very reverse of gallantry, they began to form political unions; and, animated by the success of the O'Connells and Attwoods, set on foot an organized plan of agitation, extending from the Orkneys to Land's End. No argument or topic was omitted that could influence or inflame the public mind; it was urged, that, as long as Parliaments were of the masculine gender, they could never be expected to look upon the people with a maternal eye; it was confidently argued that, as the petticoat government was the best for a family, so it must also be the best for a nation; and the country was assured that until the House of Commons was exclusively a female assembly, it had no chance whatever of a 'fair' representation. Our informant however, had the candour to admit, that it was not by the force of these arguments, or, indeed, of any arguments at all, that the revolution was eventually accomplished; but, by continually teasing and worrying the legislature, until (in a way precisely analagous to that by which, in domestic affairs, husbands are wont to be overpowered by wives) they were glad to compound for peace and a quiet life at the expense of a total surrender of their political power. Here the conversation broke off; the house became a little more orderly; the reporters began to mend their pens, and I was left to observe the proceedings in silence; not, however, without a hint from the ladies about me that the presence of a gentleman there was a breach of privilege, and that my proper place was the lantern. This, indeed, said I to myself, is turning the tables with a vengeance!

The first thing I heard was a new writ ordered for the borough of Tavistock, in the room of Lady Bellona Battlebridge, who had accepted the office of paymistress to the forces. Lady Morgan took the oaths and her seat as member for the university of Dublin.

A Member now rose, and said, she had a petition to present, which she was sure would receive the attention it deserved; it was signed by several hundred individuals of the weaker sex, who, previous to the last happy revolution, had enjoyed seats in that house; they stated, that in the whole course of their public lives they had never done any thing to disqualify them to be members of a petticoat parliament; they had never voted for any measure of *manly* policy; they had never delivered a manly speech, or uttered, to the best of their memory, a single manly sentiment; upon these grounds, they prayed the house to restore them their former privileges; and, as proof that such a concession might be made with perfect safety, they begged to refer to what had taken place in another branch of the legislature, where many noble Lords had been permitted to resume their seats, without the slightest injury to the feminine tone of their debates; in fact, the peers were not to be distinguished from the peeresses, except by their breeches and top-boots.

A young Lady, in scarlet riding-dress, (who, my fair friend the reporter informed me, was *Diana Vernon*, the member for Huntingdonshire,) begged to corroborate what had fallen from the last speaker. She had lately met with an extract from a speech delivered in another place, which she attributed to her noble relative, the venerable Countess of Cackleton; but she afterwards found, that it had been made by her gallant friend the Marquis of Londonderry.

A member here desired to have the names of the petitioners read; amongst others, my ears caught those of Inglis, Wetherell, Herries, Goulbourn, Bankes, Gordon, Croker, Vyvyan, Sadler, Praed, and almost all the representatives of the boroughs in the notorious schedules A and B.

As soon as the list was gone through, an aristocratic looking old Dowager rose and said, that there was nothing in the spirit of the Constitution against the admission into that house of many gentlemen whose names had been read; the political opinions of most of them had ever been in unison with their own; she yielded to no one in admiration of Mr. Croker's statistics, or Mr. Goulbourn's financial policy; she discovered in all their speeches and measures a sound, stateswoman-like wisdom, of which she herself would not be ashamed; but still, she must say, that she was not prepared to take so bold a step as some honourable ladies recommended; she disliked speculative improvements; no one was a firmer friend of reform than she was, but she would never, she hoped and trusted, consent to innovation; the question with her was, and she thought it ought to be the question with the house, whether to grant the prayer of the petitioners was reconcilable with the wisdom of their grandmothers. In her conscience she believed it was not, and she would therefore, oppose it with the last moment of her life, and with the last drop of her blood.—(hear, hear.)

Lady Auricula Bulbus observed, that she would not enter into the merits of the question, but would content herself with remarking, that the present was certainly not the time for discussing it; it was not when the commercial affairs of the country were in such confusion—when the tulip-trade with Holland, and the mignionette-trade of France, were in such a state of depression; it was not at such a time honourable ladies should come down with revolutionary propositions affecting the first principles of the constitution. (Cries of hear, hear! no, no! order, order! from all parts of the house.)

Here the conversation grew so hot and shrill, and so many voices took part in it, that I was quite stunned; and the reporters laid down their pens, through inability to catch the purport of what was uttered. Such expressions however, as 'unparliamentary,' 'unlady-like,' 'if the honourable lady meant,' 'does the noble lady insinuate?' were audible at intervals; and there was one voice which extremely resembled that of Sir Henry Hardinge. When the storm had subsided, a petition, similar to the last, was presented from the dandies, exquisites, and fine gentlemen of the West End; they stated, that they yielded to no lady in England in the effeminacy either of their minds or persons; their studies had been exclusively confined to novels and romances; many boarding-school misses had received a more manly education; their mustachios were generally false; and they appealed to their shawl waistcoats and boas to shew how well feminine habits sat upon them.

A bill to 'repeal the laws against scandal and defamation' was read a third time and passed, amidst loud acclamations.

A bill to 'disfranchise the Isle of Man, and to transfer the franchise to Billingsgate,' was read a second time and committed. Some discussion took place, but not at any considerable length, the general feeling of the house being in favor of the measure. One lady, however, objected to it on the ground that Billingsgate was already 'virtually' represented. Lady Chatterton Chatterton hoped the hon. member did not allude to her. The Hon. Member disclaimed any personal allusion.

The 'man-trap legalization bill' was read a first time. An honorable member hoped that this bill would be suffered to go through all the stages as rapidly as possible; it was a bill of such unspeakable importance that she did not hesitate to call it a second bill of rights. (Hear, hear.) It was the bill of rights of the new female constitution. It was worthy of a petticoat Parliament. (Hear, hear.) The ascendancy of the sex was incomplete without it, and she therefore conjured the house to pass it without delay. She never would sleep on her pillow till it became the law of the land. (Immense cheering.)

A remarkably plain looking member (whose name I could not hear) said, that she rose to call the attention of the house to a breach of privilege connected with the measure which had been so justly eulogized by the honorable lady who had just sat down. She adverted to an article which had appeared that morning in the *Times* newspaper, in which this very measure was designated—'a tyrannical and wanton piece of legislation, contrived by a certain class of members, who, having outlived their personal attractions, or having never had any, wished to secure, by acts of parliament, those conquests they were unable to gain by the legitimate means of youth and beauty.' The article went on in the same audacious strain, and concluded by advising the people to call this parliament in future '*the man-trap parliament.*' Now, a grosser attack upon the privileges and dignity of this house it had never fallen to her lot to notice; she respected the freedom of the press—it had been truly called the palladium of British liberty—but it was not to be endured that reflections should be made upon the faces and figures of members of that house: this was licence, not liberty; she, therefore, moved, that the printer and publisher of the '*Times*' newspaper should be ordered to appear at the bar. The motion was carried without a division; not, however, without experiencing some smart opposition from the young and handsome members, who felt that they possessed better means of entrapping men's hearts than the meshes of an act of parliament, and were little inclined to visit with severity an infringement of their privileges, accompanied with a compliment to their persons.

Lady Barbara Boxwell gave notice, that when the '*inexpressibles prohibition bill*' was before the committee, she would move the insertion of a clause, reserving the privilege of that article of apparel to the members of both houses of parliament. The member for Huntingdonshire said, she should feel great pleasure in seconding that motion; her riding-dress was very inconvenient for field-sports: it prevented her from showing her agility; she did not see why a woman's leg should not look as well in buckskin as a gentleman's.

The First Lady of the Admiralty moved for leave to bring in a bill for the prevention of shipwrecks. She anticipated no opposition to so humane a measure. The plan she proposed was, to impose heavy penalties on the captains of vessels leaving port in windy weather, or not returning thereto within one hour after receiving orders to that effect from the admiralty. Hon. ladies who had never left shore, could form no idea of the perils and hardships encountered by mariners. Since she had accepted office, she had made it her business to undertake a voyage from Dover to Calais, and she was, therefore, entitled to speak upon the subject.

A member, whose cheeks resembled those of a bust in a perfumer's shop, rose, and, observing the President of the Board of Trade in her place, wished to be informed, whether it was the intention of government to persist in the proposed duties upon rouge; if such was their intention, she had come to the determination of entirely withdrawing her support from Ministers; and many other honorable friends of hers were ready to pursue the same course. The President of the Board of Trade tauntingly replied, 'that the honorable member and her friends, who were ranged under the same *colours*, would, of course, act as their discretion directed: it would be for the house and the country to judge whether they were disinterested or not; she would say nothing of *prima facie* evidence of political tergiversation, but she could not help lamenting, that the blushes of certain hon. ladies should have survived their sense of shame.' This speech exasperated the artificial beauties beyond measure; there were several angry rejoinders; and it was curious to observe, that the acrimony with which the several speakers repelled the charge of self-interest, was in direct proportion to the thickness of the varnish upon their cheeks.

The Secretary for Ireland then rose, and said that the clock had struck three, and it was therefore time for the house to go into Irish affairs; she had a bazaar bill to propose, which she hoped and trusted would prove a panacea for all the ills of that unhappy country. She was of opinion that bazaars should be held monthly at Exeter Hall, and the proceeds dedicated to the relief of the starving people of Munster and Connaught; this was the only radical remedy she knew of; every other measure had been tried, emancipation and education, subletting acts, and insurrection acts, Catholic associations, and Protestant associations; but all to no purpose; it was time therefore to try a new policy; she had given the subject her most anxious attention; she was intimately acquainted with the wants and feelings of the country, she had passed nearly three days in Dublin; and, as to the state of parties, she had had peculiar facilities for forming an impartial opinion upon that subject, having dined with the celebrated Sir Harcourt Lees, the very day before she sailed for England. She anticipated no opposition to the bill she proposed; no English member, she was sure, would resist a measure which was so truly benevolent and lady-like; the Irish ladies might resist it if they liked; their conduct in that house was always factious, but her Majesty's ministers were prepared for their hostility; they took their stand upon the bazaar bill, and defied the world. (Immense cheering.)

The moment the Hon. Secretary sat down, at least twenty Irish ladies were upon their legs. The point of precedency was difficult of adjustment; at length, however, the speaker decided that the hon. member for Kerry should have the first fling at the government. I asked my fair acquaintance, the reporter, who the member for Kerry was, and she told me that her name was the Hon. Miss O'Connell, a daughter or niece (she was uncertain which) of the liberator. This excited my curiosity to hear her speech; but she had scarcely got to—

'Great, glorious, and free,'

when a lady of the ministerial bench (whether it was the first lady of the treasury, or one of the mistresses in chancery, I could not learn) coughed so loud that I awoke; and found that, revolutionary as the times were, no change had yet taken place, in the balance of power, between the masculine and feminine genders."

GENERAL JUNOT'S COURTSHIP.

Chapter XXXIX. of the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes is devoted to this subject, and we copy it entire. This, it will be observed, is the lady's own account of the wooing.—*ib.*

"Ten days passed, from the 21st of September, when Junot first presented himself at my mother's, and regularly every night he had repeated his visit. He never spoke to me, but placed himself beside my mother's sofa, chatted with her, or with any of his acquaintances who happened to be present, but never approached the group to which I belonged; and if at this epoch he had ceased to come to our house, I might have affirmed that I scarcely knew him.

But however undistinguished I had been by any attention on his part, the society in which we moved had already decided that I was his destined bride; the report was brought to me by my friend Laura de Caseaux, and with great indignation I repeated it to my mother and brother; they partook of my feelings on the subject, and having received a summons to attend my drawing-master, I left them in my mother's bedroom, still discussing the steps to be pursued, for it was yet but noon, and on account of the weak state of her health she did not rise before that time.

Such was the situation of the parties in our interior, when a carriage drove up to the door, and a waiting-maid came in to inquire if General Junot could be admitted.

'Yes, yes, let him come up,' said my mother; 'but, good God! what can bring him here at this hour?'

Junot had scarcely entered the chamber before he asked permission to close the door, and seating himself by the bedside, said to my mother as he took her hand, that he was come to present a request, adding with a smile, 'and it must be granted.'

'If it is possible, it is done,' said my mother.

'That depends upon you and him,' replied the general, turning to Albert. He stopped a moment, and then continued, in the tone of a person recovering from a violent embarrassment, 'I am come to ask the hand of your daughter, will you grant it me? I give you my word,'—and he proceeded in a tone of more assurance—'and it is that of a man of honour, that I will make her happy. I can offer her an establishment worthy of her and of her family. Come Madame de Permon, answer me, with the frankness with which I put my request, yes or no.'

'My dear general,' said my mother, 'I shall answer with all the frankness you have claimed, and which you know to belong to my character; and I will tell you that a few minutes before your arrival I was saying to Albert that you were the man whom of all others I should choose for my son-in-law.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Junot, joyfully.

'Yes, but that says nothing for your request. First, you must understand that she has no fortune; her portion is too small to be of any value to you. Then I am very ill, and am not sure that my daughter will be willing to quit me at present. Besides, she is still very young. Reflect well upon all this, and add to it that my daughter has been educated amid a society and in habits which it is very possible may displease you. Reflect for eight or ten days, and then come to me, and we will enter further into your projects.'

'I will not wait twenty-four hours,' said Junot, firmly. 'Listen, Madame de Permon; I have not taken my present step without having fully made up my mind. Will you grant me your daughter? Will you, Permon, give me your sister? I love her, and I again swear to you to make her as happy as woman can be.'

Albert approached General Junot, and, taking his hand, said in a voice of emotion, 'My dear Junot, I give you my sister with joy; and believe me, the day when I shall call you brother will be one of the happiest of my life.'

'And I,' said my mother, extending her arms to him, 'am happy beyond description in calling you my son.'

Junot, dissolving into tears, threw himself into her arms.

'Well,' said he, 'and what will you think of me now?—that I am very childish and weak, I fear;' and turning to my brother, he embraced him several times in a delirium of joy. 'But now,' said he, after a few moments, I have still another favour to ask, one upon which I set a high value; for it is most interesting to me.'

'What is it?' asked my mother.

'I desire, extraordinary as it may appear to you, to be myself permitted to present my petition to your daughter.'

My mother exclaimed against this demand; such a thing had never been heard of: it was absolute folly.

'That may be,' said Junot, in a firm but respectful tone, 'but I have determined upon it; and since you have received me, since I am now your son, why would you refuse me this favour? Besides, it is in your presence and her brother's that I would speak to her.'

'Ah, that makes a difference,' said my mother; 'but why this whim?'

'It is not a whim; it is, on the contrary so very reasonable an idea, that I should never have believed myself capable of it. Do you consent?'

My mother answered 'Yes;' and a messenger was despatched to my study, where I was drawing with

M. Viglianis, to summon me to my mother, an order which I obeyed immediately with the greatest tranquility, for I supposed General Junot to be long since gone.

It is impossible to describe my sensations when, on opening the chamber door, I perceived General Junot seated by my mother's bedside, holding one of her hands, and conversing in an animated manner with her. My brother was standing, leaning against the bedpost, and all three were laughing; but on my appearance a profound silence ensued. The general rose, offered me his place, took a seat beside me, then, having looked towards my mother, said to me in the most serious tone:—

'Mademoiselle, I am happy enough to have obtained the consent of your mother and brother to my solicitation for your hand: but I have to assure you that this consent, otherwise so valuable to me, will become null, unless, at this moment, you can declare in my presence that you willingly acquiesce in it. The step I am at this moment taking is not perhaps altogether consistent with established forms—I am aware it is not; but you will pardon me, if you reflect that I am a soldier, frank even to roughness, and desirous of ascertaining that in the most important act of my life I am not deceiving myself. Will you then condescend to tell me whether you will become my wife; and, above all, whether you can do so without any repugnance?'*

Since I had been seated in the chair in which General Junot had placed me, I felt as if in one of those extraordinary dreams in which a delusive similitude fatigues and perplexes the mind. I heard distinctly and I understood what was said, but no part seemed to attach itself to my situation; and yet it was necessary to give an immediate answer in one word, upon which the fate of my whole life was to depend.

The most perfect silence reigned in the apartment. Neither my mother nor my brother could with propriety interfere, and the general could only wait my answer. However, at the expiration of about ten minutes, seeing that my eyes still continued fixed on the ground, and that I said nothing, General Junot thought himself obliged to construe my silence into a refusal: and, always impetuous, still more so perhaps in his sentiments than in his will, he insisted upon knowing his fate that very instant.

'I see, said he, with an accent of bitterness, 'that Madame de Permon was right when she told me that her consent was nothing in this affair. Only that, Mademoiselle, I entreat you to give me an answer, be it yes or no.'

My brother, who saw the change in Junot's manner, inclined towards me, and whispered in my ear, 'Take courage, love; speak the truth; he will not be offended, even if you refuse him.'

'Come, come, my child, you must answer the general,' said my mother. 'If you will not speak to him, give me your answer, and I will repeat it to him.'

I was sensible that my situation began to be ridiculous and that I ought to speak. But all the power upon earth could not have made me articulate a word, nor raise my eyes from the carpet. From my first entrance into the room my emotion had been so violent, that the palpitation of my heart threatened to burst my corset. The blood now mounted to my head with such violence, that I heard nothing but a sharp singing in my ears, and saw nothing but a moving rainbow. I felt a violent pain, and raising my hand to my forehead, stood up and made my escape so suddenly, that my brother had not time to detain me. He ran after me but could nowhere find me. The fact was, that, as if started by an invisible power, I had mounted the stairs with such rapidity, that in two seconds I had reached the top of the house, and on recovering my recollection, found myself in the hay-loft. I came down again, and going to take refuge in my brother's apartments, met him returning from a search for me. He scolded me for being so unreasonable. I wept and reproached him bitterly for the scene which had just taken place. He excused himself, embraced me, and drew me into a conversation which calmed my spirits; but he could by no means persuade me to return to my mother's room. I was resolute not to appear there again until General Junot was gone.

My brother, on his return, addressed the general, whom he found still much agitated. 'I was,' said he, 'my dear general, for a moment of your opinion, and permitted my sister to be brought here. But I now see that we have acted in this matter like children, and she, young as she is, has convinced me of it.'

'Where is my poor Loulou, then?' said my mother. 'I told you, my dear Junot, that such a step was absurd. Where is she?'

'In my room,' said Albert, 'where I have promised her that she shall not be molested.'

'And my answer?' said Junot, with a gloomy air.

'Your answer, my friend, is as favourable as you can desire. My sister will be proud to bear your name—I repeat her own words; for any other sentiment you cannot yet ask it of her without disrespect.'

'I am satisfied,' exclaimed Junot, embracing my brother. 'She will be proud to bear my name, and I am content.'

The conversation now became more calm, and after a short interval, my mother said to Junot: 'But tell me how you have achieved the greatest of your victories; how have you induced the First Consul to give his consent to your marriage with my daughter.'

'He does not know it yet,' replied Junot.

'He does not know it!' exclaimed my mother: 'you are come to ask my daughter in marriage, and the First Consul does not know it?—Permit me to observe, my dear general, that your conduct has been very inconsiderate.'

My brother has since told me that he was at the moment of my mother's opinion.

'I request you, madam, to inform me, in what respect my conduct can be blameable?' Junot replied, with some *hauteur*.

'How can you ask such a question? Do you not know the coldness, and even disunion, which has succeeded to the friendship that once existed between the First Consul and myself? Do you think that he will consent to my daughter becoming your wife, and especially without fortune? and what, let me ask, would you do, if, when you communicate your intended marriage to him, and ask his assent, he should refuse it?'

'I should marry without it,' answered Junot, very resolutely. 'I am no longer a child; and in the most important transaction of my life I shall consult my own convenience only, without listening to the petty passions of others.'

'You say that you are no longer a child, and you reason as if you were but six years old. Would you dissolve your connexion with your benefactor and friend, because it pleases you to make what we will call an imprudent marriage, that is to say, a marriage without fortune? For that is the reason he will give you, as you may easily suppose he will not tell you that it is because he does not like me. What will you do—what will you answer, when he gives you the option between my daughter and himself?'

'But he will never do so,' exclaimed Junot; 'and if he could to such an extent forget my services and my attachment, I should always remain a faithful son of France; she will not repulse me; and I am a general officer.'

'And do you think us capable of accepting such a sacrifice?' said my mother; 'and though my daughter is but sixteen years old, can you have formed so unworthy an opinion of her as to suppose that she would thus abuse her power over you?'

'My dear general,' said Albert, who had not yet uttered a word during this discussion, 'I believe that all this will be easily arranged: but permit me to observe, in my turn, that you have been a little too hasty in this affair: nevertheless, I have no doubt that all will be right; for I do not think with my mother that the First Consul will interfere as a party, and still less as a judge, in a question of such a nature as this.'

Junot listened attentively; then looking at his watch, he suddenly took up his hat, and said to my mother, 'I am going to the Tuileries. The First Consul is not yet in council. I will speak to him, and in an hour I will return. He pressed Albert's hand, kissed my mother's, descended the staircase at two steps, jumped into his carriage, and cried to the coachman, 'To the Tuileries, at a gallop, only do not overturn us, because I have business there in a hurry.'

'Where is the First Consul?' was his salution to Duroc. 'With Madame Buonaparte.'—'My friend, I must speak to him this very instant.'

'How you are agitated!' said Duroc, observing his flushed cheek and trembling voice. 'Is there alarming news?'

'No, no; but I must see the First Consul; I must this instant; I will tell you by-and-by why I am so peremptory.'

Duroc pressed his hand, and as he understood that he could oblige him, he lost no time in acquitting himself of his commission, and in a few moments Junot was introduced to the cabinet of the First Consul.

'My general,' said he, entering at once upon the subject, 'you have testified a desire to see me married; the thing is settled—I am about to marry.'

'Ah! ah! and you have run away with your wife; your air is perfectly wild.'

'No, my general,' replied Junot, endeavouring to calm his feelings for the crisis, for all my mother's objections started at once to his mind, and he felt fearful of a rebuff.

'Who are you going to marry then?' said the First Consul, seeing that Junot did not speak.

'A person whom you have known since her childhood, whom you used to love, my general, of whom every one speaks well, and with whom I am distractedly in love—Mademoiselle de Permon.'

The First Consul, contrary to his custom, was not walking while he conversed at the present moment. He was seated at his desk, which he was notching with his penknife. On hearing my name he leaped from his seat, threw away his penknife, and seized Junot by the arm, asking, 'Whom did you say you meant to marry?'

'The daughter of Madame de Permon, that child whom you have so often held upon your knee when you were yourself a young man, my general.'

'That is not possible,—Loulou is not marriageable,—how old is she?'

'Sixteen years within a month.'

'It is a very bad marriage you would make,—there is no fortune; and besides,—how can you determine to become the son-in-law of Madame de Permon? Do you not know that woman as she is? you must mind what you are about,—she is a spirit.'

'Permit me to observe, my general, that I do not propose to marry my mother-in-law; and moreover, I believe'—here he stopped short and smiled.

'Well, and what do you believe?'

'That the discussions which have arisen between yourself and Madame de Permon have blended a shade of prejudice with the judgment you have formed of her. What I know perfectly well is, that she is surrounded by numerous friends of old standing; and I have seen the love which her children bear her. Her daughter lavishes such cares upon her, as only the heart of a devoted child is capable of; and has done so for two years past, to the injury of her own health. Her son'—

'Ah, that is a brave youth!'

'Well, my general, and do you believe that he could be what he is to his mother, if Madame de Permon was not herself, not merely a good mother, but an excellent woman. Children are respectful and attentive to their mother, but to be what Mademoiselle Laurette and her brother are to Madame Permon, she must deserve their respect. Nothing can give you an idea of their domestic virtues. Interrogate Madame Bonaparte, Madame Joseph, Madame Murat, these ladies will tell you how meritorious has been the conduct of Madame de Permon's children from the commencement of her severe illness.

'Is she so very ill then?' inquired the First Consul with interest.

'Very ill; and the utmost care is necessary to her recovery, and to the relief of her sufferings.'

The First Consul walked the room without speaking; he was serious, but not out of humour. At length he said, 'But without fortune, I dare say;—what portion has this young person?'

'I have not inquired.'

'You are right in saying just now that you were distractedly in love. What extravagance! Did I not particularly recommend you to seek a rich wife? for you are not rich yourself.'

'I beg your pardon, my general, I am very rich' are you not my protector, my father? and when I inform you that I love a young girl who is poor, but without whom I should be miserable, I know that you will come to my assistance, and portion my betrothed.'

The First Consul smiled. 'Oh, is that it? But how has this illness happened? Have you long been a visiter at Madame Permon's?'

'Eleven days, my general; but it is two months since my attention has been attracted towards her daughter. I had been spoken to about her, and one of our common friends even wished to promote this marriage; but Mademoiselle Laurette was then destined to another husband, and after all that I had heard of her, I would not visit the mother lest I should fall in love with the daughter. In the interval the projected marriage was broken off. I went accordingly to pay my respects to Madame de Permon, and my resolution was soon taken. But now, my general, I am about to give you still further advantage over me; I have acted more madly than you can imagine;' here he repeated the scene of the morning in its minutest details. The First Consul listened in silence, with great attention, and when Junot's narrative was ended, he replied:—

'Though I recognize in all that you have just said the character of Madame de Permon, I cannot but approve her arguments as they respect me; and the sacrifice you have offered in the true spirit of a paladin of the Crusades, could not be accepted either by her or Permon. You have, however cut me off from the power of even remonstrating against this rash act, by the confidence you have just reposed in me; and besides, you will not, as you say, marry your mother-in-law; and if the young person is really as you describe, I see no reason for being severe on the article of fortune. I give you 100,000 francs for your bride's portion, and 40,000 for her wedding clothes. Adieu, my friend, I wish you happy!' So saying, he pressed Junot's hand warmly, and said laughing, as he resumed his seat, 'Oh, you will have a terrible mother-in-law!' then added with a more serious air, 'but an amiable and worthy brother-in-law!'"

* I have dwelt upon these particulars, all well known to a number of persons still living in Paris, in order to answer by facts to the vain declamations concerning my marriage in the memorial of Las Cases. All these persons know whether my marriage was concluded because Junot believed me a Comnena. It is a point upon which I have a right to insist. It must be admitted that he did not take long to persuade; and my mother must have been a skilful magician, if, in the course of ten days, she had accomplished making a man who was a republican at heart, a child of the Revolution, and the son of his own deeds, take to wife a young girl who was not pretty, and without fortune, only because her ancesters, three or four centuries before, had reigned at Constantinople. All that concerns us in the *Memorial de Sainte Helene*, is manifestly false, and I prove it by facts.

A LORD CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH.

If Lord Brougham's farewell address to the Court were a fair specimen of his style, one might think him better acquainted with law than with Rhetoric.

At the conclusion of the business of the Court, today, his Lordship stated that he would give judgment in several cases after he had quitted the Great Seal.

"I trust (said he) after examining all the cases, I trust none have escaped me which I shall not be able to dispose of within a very few days. And I do hope that I shall not leave to those who succeed me, the task of re-hearing, and to the parties the expense and the delay consequent on a re-hearing, from their not being disposed of. The motions which now remain to be disposed of, and which are set down in the paper, are eight, or six—eight, I believe, are now in the present paper. But of course the motions I find are of a date prior, which could have been heard prior to the 1st of September, when the Court rose last summer. Those motions, as it now appears, beyond those heard since that period, amount to somewhere about fourteen or fifteen. The motions which remained at Christmas amount to nearly the same number. The appeals at Christmas which were set down, amounted only to seven or eight, and those which were ready for hearing to four or five. I doubt very much whether any one of those could have been, without an inconvenience, heard. But there are a considerable number of appeals and re-hearings more—I think upwards of 30. I have been exceeding sorry that there should have been that number. But I can only say that it is no fault of mine. I have been exceedingly anxious to get through them with the same despatch, which, by the kind assistance of the bar and the parties, I was enabled to get through them during the last summer. But undoubtedly my health suffered much from the labours of that year—1831. And though those that remained were entirely got rid of, I have unquestionably then been prevented since that time from giving as much labour on the business of this Court as I could wish, though I have certainly intermitted my legislative labours for the purpose of bestowing all the strength which I had, on the business of this Court; notwithstanding, I have not been able to satisfy myself since Christmas, for the reasons which I have mentioned, I may venture to state, that I could over and over again have been perfectly excused for not keeping the field, if I may so speak, though I might have had very good excuses for not coming into Court at all. I felt it my duty so to do, and it is a very great satisfaction to me that I have been able to leave the business in the state I do. I had hoped to have been able to perfect an arrangement without application to the legislature, which would have produced, in my opinion, the salutary and most beneficial effects of an Act for certain purposes for simplifying some of the most important business of jurisdiction composed of the three heads voluntarily sitting—of the three heads of the equitable jurisdiction of Westminster-hall voluntarily sitting. It is no fault of mine that that wish has not been accomplished. I hope and trust I shall live to see it accomplished, as I hope and trust I shall live to see another wish accomplished, which, it is known to many of my colleagues, has long been near to my heart—to see the great and necessary improvement in this country of the equitable jurisdiction of the Chancellor severed from all his political functions.

"Upon quitting this Court I should, in ordinary circumstances, feel nothing but the pain of parting with those from whom, having always received invariable respect and kindness, I certainly feel my tribute of kind and respectful thanks most justly due. But on my voluntary retirement from office, and after I am separated under the only pain which it gives me, I mean of the separation that I have mentioned, I am supported by the principles which dictate the course I pursue—I am more than supported. The personal feelings to which I have adverted are lost in the public sense of duty under which I act, and which compels me, I trust without any undue feelings of pride, to regard the abandonment of power to the commandments of duty, not as a misfortune, but a glory."

Revenue.—We learn that the amount of duties secured to be paid at the Custom House in this city, for the quarter ending on the first day of April last, exceeds five millions seven hundred thousand dollars, a sum exceeding by one million of dollars the amount ever before secured in the corresponding quarter of any previous year.—*N. Y. Merc. Adv.*

Newspapers.—The Evening Journal and American Advocate have been united, and are published as a morning paper, under the title of the American Advocate and Journal. The first number since the union appeared on Monday.

A school has been opened, by the managers of the *Institution for the Blind*, at 37 Mercer street, under the direction of Dr. John D. Russ. Six boys are now there daily instructed in reading, writing, basket making, &c. &c.—others will soon be added to the number. The State of New York contains over *seven hundred* blind persons, as ascertained by the late census. "The Managers of the Institution, it is understood, will receive applications for the reception of pupils from this city and elsewhere. A list is annexed, to either of whom a letter may be addressed. Samuel Akerly, M. D. President; Heman Averill, Vice President; Curtis Bolton, Treasurer; Henry K. Begert, Rec. Secretary; Henry Remsen, John R. Stuyvesant, Thompson Price, Morris Ketchum, Silvanus Miller, William B. Crosby, Hiram Ketchum, Gideon Lee, Samuel Wood, Thos. W. Jenkins, Henry Thomas, R. L. Nevins, Jos. D. Beers, M. C. Patterson, Dr John D. Russ."

A new *Steamboat* called the "Providence," intended to ply between this city and Providence, was launched on Saturday.

Death of Gen. Sumter.—A few hours after the Journal went to press, we received intelligence of the death of this venerable relic of Revolutionary glory—at once the patriot and the patriarch of his country's history. He died at his residence at South Mount, yesterday at 12 o'clock, full of years and full of honors. The indisposition which closed the days of Sumter was sudden and unlooked for. We have no time to say more. Full justice will be done hereafter to the character of the gallant soldier, and the unspotted patriot.—*Camden S. C. Journal, June 2d.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 13th, John D. Jackson, to Miss Louisa Solomon.

On the 13th, G. J. Pesoa, bookseller of Philadelphia, to Miss Julia Gomez.

On the 13th, Richard M. Raven, to Miss Mary Stephens.

On the 13th, Allen Taber, of New Bedford, to Miss Delana Reynold, of Fair Haven, Mass.

On the 14th, Charles J. Dodge, to Miss Mary F Bowerre.

On the 14th, John Elsworth, to Martha, daughter of Joseph V. Varick.

On the 14th, John R Lewis, to Ann Eliza, daughter of Francis Price, Esq.

On the 16th, Maurice A Power, to Catharine Louisa, daughter of the late Hon. Brockholst Livingston.

At Albany, the Hon. Edward P. Livingston, of Clermont, Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, to Miss Mary C Broom, daughter of the late Wm. Broom, Esq. of Hyde Park, Dutchess co.

At Johnstown, Montgomery co. Wm. G. Wood, Esq. of this city, to Miss Emily, daughter of the Hon. A. Morrell, of the former place.

At Philadelphia, Clement Finley, M.D. of the U. States Army, to Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Moore, Esq. Director of the U. S. Mint.

At Savannah, Daniel Phillips, of that city, to Miss Elizabeth Brainard, daughter of Caleb Brainard, Esq. of Haddam, Ct.

At Mobile, Capt. Alexander Britton, of ship Splendid, to Miss Susan Towers, of Philadelphia.

DIED,

In this city, on the 13th, Isaac Underhill, aged about 57 years.

On the 13th, Robert Dunn, aged 74.

On the 13th, Henry George Moreland, comedian.

On the 13th, Robert Calnoun, aged 18.

On the 14th, Mrs. Rebecca Biddle, wife of John H. Biddle, aged 15 years and 11 months.

On the 15th, Charles Henry Chandler, formerly of New Haven, aged 47.

On the 15th Wm L. Hyde, aged 21.

On the 16th, Nicholas Cohen, a native of Guernsey, aged 73.

On the 17th, Nathan B.Graham, Esq. counsellor at law, aged 66.

On the 12th, Francis M. Rever, a native of Ireland, aged 34.

At Dutch Kills, L.I. Charles Gardner, aged 63.

At Exeter, the Hon. Joseph Wince, of Cherry Valley, aged 62.

At Aurora, Elijah P. Park, aged 54.

At Boston, Richard Derby, Esq. for many years a commander in the U. S. Revenue service.

At Reading, Pa. Gen. Joseph Hiester, aged 82, formerly Governor of Pennsylvania.

At Poughkeepsie, Richard Roosevelt, aged 52.

At Rouse's Point, Joseph Bunker, Esq. aged 57.

At Hartford, Daniel Andrus, aged 70.

At Zanesville, Ohio. Elizabeth McAllister, aged 22; and Dr. Egleston, aged 40.

TABLEAUX VIVANS.

Athenæum Rooms, corner of Broadway and Pine-st.

THE Exhibition of Animated Portraits, together with many novel Optical Illusions, opened for the first time, to the public, on Monday the 18th inst., continue every clear day from 11 to 5 o'clock, Sundays excepted. Entrance in Pine street. Admittance, 25 cents; seats in tickets, 50 cents. june 23-tf.

DISINFECTING MACHINE,

Or Cholera Lamp.

A Patent Patent for a most useful and beneficial application of perfumes, scents, essences, aromatic vinegar, chloride of soda and lime, may be used by the aid of this apparatus, for purifying the air in sick rooms, chambers, crowded saloons, and new buildings, to prevent infection from the cholera morbus, small pox, yellow fever, &c. &c. A small number of these valuable machines just received from Manufactory, which are offered for sale by Dr. Lewis Feuchtwanger,

june 23-e. 377 Broadway.

DISINFECTING PREPARATIONS.

CHLORIDE OF LIME, and *Labarraque's Soda—Chloride of Calcium of Soda*, prepared by Labarraque, and also that prepared by Enoch, for sale at

GEO. D. COGGESHALL'S Drug Store,
Corner of Pearl and Beaver sts.

☞ Where a complete assortment of medicines is constantly kept. Calls at any hour of the night promptly attended to. june 23.

SODA AND SEIDLITZ POWDERS,

Of the best quality, are offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by Dr. Lewis Feuchtwanger,

june 23. 377 Broadway.

SYLVESTER, 136 Broadway, N.Y.—Official drawings of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg Class No. 20 for 1832, drawn June 23—13 63 10 37 46 32 49 37 1 41.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & Mcintyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as a personal application if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

June 27—Class 24, $50,000, 25,000, 5,000, 3,000, &c.....$10
The above is a noble scheme, and not a chance for packages of wholes, halves, quarters, or eighths.
July 3—4 class 22, $15,000, 7,500, &c.....$4
July 11—Class 23, 4 of 10,000, &c.....$5
July 18—Class 24, $15,000, &c.....$4
Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 136 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and
Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. The valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

MISS GILBERT'S *Boarding and Day School*.—Miss Angelina Gilbert continues her school at No. 113 Bleecker street (near Le Roy Place) an airy and elevated situation, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled parts of the city.

The rudiments, as well as the higher branches usual in female education, are taught: the French language and Drawing by the first masters, and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself.

Terms made known on inquiry, and the most respectable references given, as by permission, to the Rev. Mr. Hawks, Rev. Mr. Cutler, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Jun., Leonard Kip, George Shipman, Ogden Edwards, John Catt, Esq., and others whose children have been at her school.

New York April 28, 1832.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION

OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW, AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, &c.

AT the Masonic Hall, Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or at the door in the evening.

may 23-ci

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12½ cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 7½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7½ P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 1½ A.M., 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M., 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, for any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 211 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John C. Hayland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson.—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York.—Saturdays at 6 A.M. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat Legislator, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D.

BY *Lyle Davies*, at his old established U.S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. june 23-3.

PASSAIC HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. PILLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened said house, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Hogan, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6-tf.

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 66 William-st. N.Y.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, publishers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to such a prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that those who manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here or from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the *Trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

mar. 3. P. BYRNE.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER,*

No. 253 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, No. 108 Broad-street, including the block between Pearl and Water sts., New-York. *Henry Thurston* and *Alexander P. Fonda*, late of Troy, respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have become the lessees of the said of buildings on Broad-street, comprising the establishment of the Merchants' Hotel, recently occupied by O. H. Washburn, and opened the same for the reception of company.

The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, agreeable and convenient houses in the city—its location in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange or Wall-street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets—of the East River, the Battery, Bowling Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable independent of the many suits of rooms for private families, and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons.

May 7, 1832. THURSTON & FONDA.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND

DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO DESIRE A

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 10 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,

70 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

No. 12 Fourth-st.

Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively*.

The former bathing house is reserved for the use of *Ladies only*; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to which every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of nutritious newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the superior purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty-five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 9. c&i

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a state of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments regilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16. ci.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June.
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, $100; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to

E. MACOMBER, 161 Maiden lane,
may 9. c&i. near South st. N.York.

REMOVAL.

PIANO FORTE STORE,

205 Broadway, near Fulton-st.

MR. V. GILFERT begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metallic plates or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen, is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For materials, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in part payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned, at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30. ci's.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,

OLD ESTABLISHMENT,

NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LYLE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, *No.* 102 *William-street, and No.* 19 *Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLIN and Oil'd LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.

N B. All orders punctually attended to.

june 13 city.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Perger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-d6m

LEMON SYRUP.

THE last article in market is offered for sale by
DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
june 23. 377 Broadway.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth neatly cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum boils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops is the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the toothache, to call as above and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the toothache, but also arrests the process of decay in teeth, and when teeth are diseased and decayed, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure to stop or fill, by (say a few days) previous application of this mixed cure, the teeth may be plugged in the finest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the toothache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE,
Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th nov. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations of length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a newspaper; it must therefore suffice to observe, that those above recited are decided and unqualified approbations of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific characters, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guaranteed.* JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.